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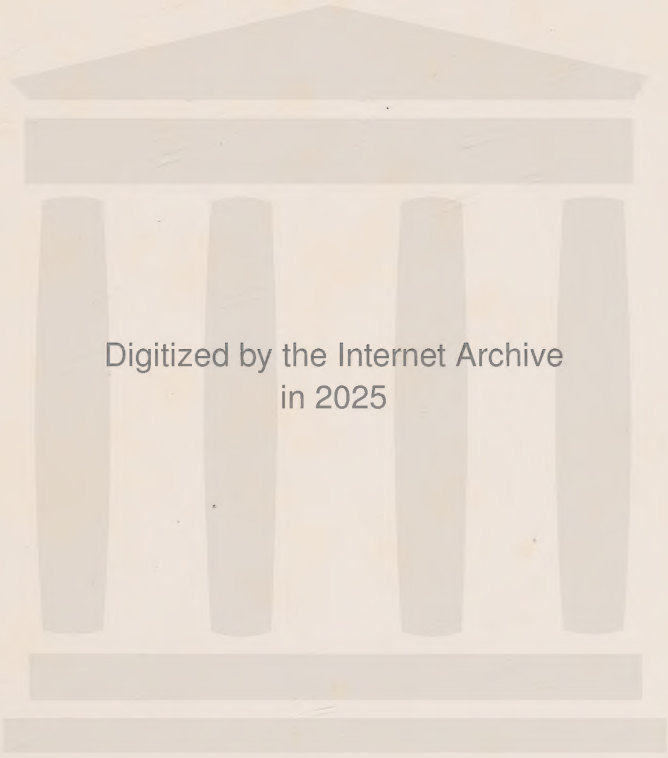

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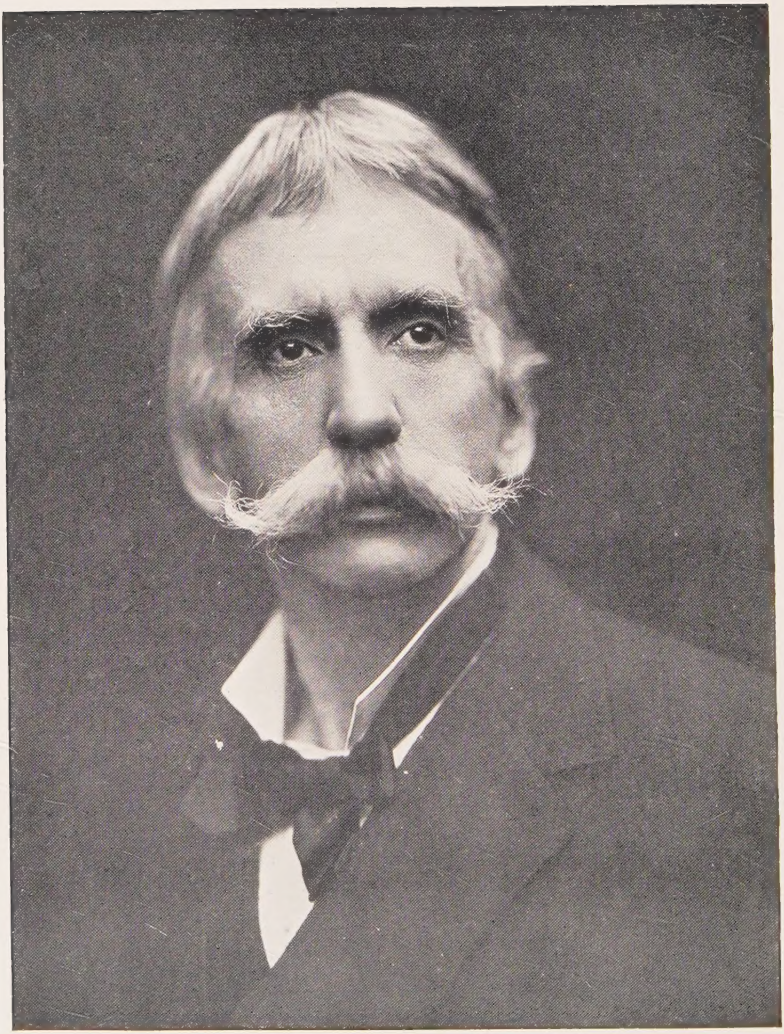

Photo: Lizzie Caswall Smith.

C. E. HALLÉ.

Frontispiece.

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NOTES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE

INCLUDING THE FOUNDING OF TWO GALLERIES

BY C. E. HALLÉ

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1909

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PREFACE

A FEW weeks ago—when this book was in the printer's hands—I went to dine with an old friend of mine. There were several guests; I think eight or ten. During the conversation I happened to mention Richard Doyle, or, as he was universally known, "Dicky" Doyle. Except my host and one other person, nobody present remembered to have heard the name before.

This "gave me to think," as the French say. I reflected that if Doyle—the author of "Brown, Jones and Robinson," "Bird's-eye Views of Society,' other delightful books and pictures, and the designer of the familiar title-page of *Punch*—is already forgotten, may not the Grosvenor Gallery and the majority of the people I have mentioned in the following pages, whose names were house-

hold words but a few years ago, be also consigned to the limbo of the forgotten past?

It is difficult to realize how quickly in these days things pass and are forgotten.

I am not yet in years what is considered an old man—I was born in Paris in June, 1846—but I began so early in life to be associated with distinguished men and women, whose influence and personalities are still a living force on me, that I can hardly bear to admit that their memory has not survived the few years which have elapsed since they passed away. I suppose that it is so, and that Ingres himself, who when I knew him was treated with such universal respect that he was never mentioned except as Monsieur Ingres, is considered now to belong as much to ancient history as his master David and the other personages of the eighteenth century. We are, indeed, in the twentieth century—*autres temps, autres mœurs;* we are living in the age of rush and bustle; people spend their lives in tearing from one place to another, doing nothing when they get there, but hastening back to whence they came as

quickly as motors, and presently aeroplanes, will take them.

In literature what used to be said in three volumes must now be compressed into one; in painting and sculpture people are impatient of everything but the sketch; and music must be pitched in a key louder than the motor-horn or the railway whistle to be heard at all.

I have in so far fallen in with the spirit of the times that I have said what I had to say in this book in as few words as I could. My publisher stood over me, so to speak, with a cudgel, and told me that I was to give him more pages; but there are quite pages enough—my readers may perhaps think too many to have come from a prentice hand—and any more would have laid me open to the charge so often levelled at my pictures—that I over-finish.

Having, as I thought, successfully routed Mr. Murray, and got out of the ink-pot back to my paint-pots, he now tells me that he wants a preface. Why should he have a preface? I do not feel at all easy in my mind at the reception which will be

accorded to me for much that I have said in the book itself, and have no wish to get into further trouble in the preface; besides which, to write a preface when the book is finished is like making a design of a picture when the painting is completed and framed. We all do it, but I thought that literature was above such practices.

C. E. H.

8, Upper Cheyne Row,
Chelsea,
April, 1909.

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NOTES FROM A PAINTER'S LIFE

CHAPTER I

The part that the two galleries—the Grosvenor and the New—have played in the artistic life of London during the last thirty years may be considered sufficiently important to make a record of their history, written by one so closely connected with them as I have been, of interest both to the artists who have been associated with them and to the public who have visited the many exhibitions held in both galleries. I may be forgiven if I give a brief sketch of my own life and training, as explaining in some way how it came about that, full of faults as some may consider the direction of these two important institutions to have been, their career, under the guidance which has been so largely in my hands, has on the whole proved that I have not been wholly incompetent for the part entrusted to me. I may say that Art has been in the very air I breathed since I first came into the world. My

grandfather and father—I am the son of Charles Hallé the musician—were both artists, though on different lines from the one I adopted. My mother's house in Paris was frequented by the greatest painters, poets, and musicians of the day, and when in 1848 the Revolution drove my parents, with the two small children of whom I was one, away from France to England, we were accompanied by many of my father's old friends and associates, with whom we never lost touch, and by whom, as by my father himself, the great traditions of Art, both in music and painting, were held with a reverence it is hard to believe in now, when it seems to have become the fashion to take nothing for granted, to accept nothing endorsed by the wisdom of centuries, unless ratified by prophets of our own time, who preach Art and its mission more as a theme for brilliant writing and eccentric paradoxes than with any reverence for their subject.

I was taught—and I hold with ever increasing conviction that the teaching was sound—that Art of all kinds is progressive; that as a man who would climb a tree must proceed from branch to branch, so must an artist do his own work on a foundation of, and with a reverence for, all that has already been

done. He must not repeat what has been said already, but the assumption that his is the first voice to be raised in the wilderness, that all that went before was vain verbiage not worth considering, that the top of the tree is most easily reached by cutting off all the lower branches, only leads to disaster and the following of false lights. I do not wish at once to plunge into controversy—with controversy in matters of Art I have never had anything to do—life is not so full of enjoyments that I would wish to dash the cup of happiness from the lips of any one of my fellow-creatures, however nauseous, to my thinking, the compound the cup contained. If the contemplation of a shapeless smudge in pigment or marble can suggest to anyone feelings of pleasure, or raise him to a higher intellectual plane, far be it from me to interfere, but it is not given to all of us to be so constituted. Seriously, I do not think it desirable, or, indeed, anything but a dire misfortune, that taste should be considered to require no training. That it should be deemed admirable to assert complete independence leads inevitably to the destruction of old and safe guides, and to the setting up of false idols which are blown over by every change in the wind of fashion. If the guiding principles of the true elements of

beauty in literature, music, architecture, and painting were instilled into every boy and girl as part of their general education, much more real pleasure would be their portion in life than any derived from a transient fancy for unworthy objects; or the perhaps greater enjoyment of boldly asserting their contempt and dislike for the masterpieces in literature, painting, and music, and the great monuments of classic and Gothic architecture which have survived the destruction, by which their predecessors in this way of thinking were able to enforce their opinions. It has been my own lot to be kept tightly buckled up between the shafts, and very thankful I am for it. In music my father was intensely conservative, and Ernst, Joachim, Piatti, Stephen Heller, Berlioz, Garcia, and the many others with whom he was associated, and with whom I came in contact almost daily, were of the same opinion.

In painting, which is my Art of predilection, and to which I turned before I was eight years old, I received my first training from Richard Doyle. That distinguished artist and man of most delicate perceptions came to our house in Manchester, in 1857, to see the Art Treasures Exhibition. He intended to remain a week—he stayed with us

for three months; and it was under his guidance that I became imbued with that love for Italian Art which has remained with me, and which was the foundation of a close and lasting intimacy with my dear friend, which was uninterrupted till his death. The Art Treasures Exhibition settled my destiny, and the following year Baron Marochetti took me in hand, and I entered his studio as a pupil. I was then twelve years old, and my work with him was much interrupted, as my people only spent three months of the year in London, and I was not allowed to remain there by myself; but during those three months I was every day at the studio, a large block of buildings at the back of Onslow Square, now the Avenue Studios, and when I was not drawing, I sat with the old Baron in his room, whilst he smoked and held forth upon Art, or listened to fierce arguments on the same subject that he always started when Victor Mottez, Dr. Gueneau de Mussy, Mario, Garcia, or any of his old friends, came in. Very brilliant and funny they were, and many an anecdote did I listen to. A very favourite topic was the building up of the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, now standing opposite the House of Lords in Westminster. They started this statue soon after 1848, when they

came to London. Marochetti did the bulk of it, but they all lent a hand, those who knew anything about modelling as well as those who did not, and when completed the horse and his rider were sent to the Exhibition of 1851. The result of the amateur portions of the work was that the night after the opening of the Exhibition the horse's tail fell off; however, it was patched up, and the statue was bought for the nation. This sale was the beginning of Marochetti's run of good luck in England, which never deserted him.

It was here that I first met Thackeray, who lived next door to the Baron in Onslow Square, and also Landseer, who executed the lions now at the base of Nelson's statue in Trafalgar Square in Marochetti's studio. The Baron was a splendid type of the handsome, courteous, shrewd Italian, who, like Panizzi and Rossetti, took such dominant positions in the life of London half a century ago.

One anecdote about Marochetti I cannot refrain from telling. He was very much in favour with Queen Victoria, and had been entrusted with several commissions of statues of the late Prince Consort. His interest somewhat flagged in them when he had done two or three, and when another order came he accepted it, but did not at once commence work

upon it; indeed, beyond making a sketch, a serious beginning was deferred from day to day, week to week, and month to month. Meanwhile, in answer to inquiries from Windsor, he sent assurances that everything was going on very well, until, to his dismay, one fine morning a letter came to say that Her Majesty's lady-in-waiting, Lady ——, would call next day to see the statue, which it was understood was nearly finished. Here was a quandary! Mottez suggested one thing, Garcia another, de Mussy a third. I raised my feeble pipe with a suggestion, when presently the Baron said: "Laissez-moi tranquille, mes enfants, j'ai trouvé!" He would not divulge what solution of the difficulty he had arrived at, and next day I gave myself a holiday, and hung about, burning with curiosity to see what would happen. Presently carriages and outriders arrived from Windsor, with a great trampling of horses, and the Baron in his grandest manner received Lady ——, who arrived on behalf of the Queen. Meanwhile old Denis, a faithful French retainer and the chief modeller, had been put into an empty studio, with instructions to splash about and make a good deal of noise, as though he were very busy, when he heard the deputation arrive. The Baron conducted them to

the door, but before he opened it he turned to Lady —— and said: "I think, my lady, that before I show you the statue I had better explain my method of work. I always design my figures in the nude myself; the draperies and uniforms I leave, in a great measure, to my assistants. At this moment the statue is still undraped." All this was strictly true. That which has no existence cannot be said to be clothed, but Lady —— thought that, on the whole, she would prefer to return another day when the uniform had been added. So the situation was saved, and I need not say that after this there was no further delay, and the statue was proceeded with and finished as quickly as possible.

Marochetti had a delightful château on the banks of the Seine in Normandy, and in the autumn he had me there to stay with him, and join him in *la pêche à la ligne*, of which he was very fond. I used to enjoy those visits much, and gay parties they were. I had my first glimpse of the real gaiety of French life, of which I was to see a good deal more a few years later, when I went to live in Paris. The brilliancy of the conversation when several really witty and clever men and women found themselves together has always seemed to

me something quite apart from what one meets elsewhere. What a Frenchman loves is to give and take, the rapid exchange of sally and repartee; an Englishman likes a long break, to hold the balls, if possible, the whole evening himself. I have heard many of the best speakers, like Gladstone, Browning, Brookfield, Matthew Arnold, Leighton, and many others, and it was always the same thing: the one who got the ear of the table held on tight, and gave no one else a chance. Well do I remember a dinner at the house of Mr. Benzon, when I happened to be sitting between Browning and Brookfield. Millais and Leighton were also there. Benzon was noted for his good dinners, and most of the guests incautiously began to eat. Not so Browning; he talked and went on talking all through dinner, until nearly the end, when the pangs of hunger could no longer be resisted, and he put something into his mouth. Brookfield saw his chance, and began to talk, but Browning leant across me, seized Brookfield by the arm, stopped him, and continued what he had to say to the end of dinner. It was the only time I ever saw Millais quite put to silence, as he had a loud voice, and also a habit of banging the table with his fist and obtaining attention that way which was very effective.

To a listener like myself the French methods were the most amusing, and Marochetti was an ideal host in his power of drawing people out. When the conversation flagged he would suggest *le grand rond*, which meant that everyone had to join hands—artists, poets, great ladies, young people, everybody—and dance in a ring round the table, or out in the garden or fields, or wherever we might happen to be, which exercise was sure to set all the tongues wagging again with a vengeance, and smoothed out any difference of opinion that might have arisen. I have often thought since what an admirable thing if the Baron's *grand rond* could be adopted generally—if, say, in the House of Commons the Speaker could suggest every now and then *le grand rond*, and Asquith, Balfour, Redmond, and the Labour Members could join hands and dance round the chair. I would even go further, and invite the ladies down from behind their grating, and even let in one or two suffragettes. The government of the country would get on much better. But this, like many other valuable suggestions, is not likely to be adopted at present, and I should be told to confine my energies to effecting reformations in the Art world, and leave politics alone.

I do not wish to bore my readers, should I have

any, with detailing the events of my life in chronological order; it has been an interesting and amusing existence, and now it is drawing to an end I can look back on it and say that I would gladly have it again just as it was, were such a thing possible. It has been my good fortune to meet men and women of exceptionally brilliant and kindly natures. They are now nearly all gone, and only memories remain, but memories which have resolved themselves into a golden book in my mind, the pages of which I am never weary of referring to, and which wipe out any doubts of the goodness and beauty which are to be found in my fellow-creatures, when any such arise.

To go back to my own story. I will only say that until I was fifteen my time was spent principally in the studio in Onslow Square, and during the summer holidays in Normandy or the Isle of Wight with my own family; my winters in Manchester. There, apart from drawing and my general education, I learnt riding and boxing. The latter art I acquired from a master of the science, an ancient prize-fighter named Charley Jones, and useful training it was. It taught me above all things to take a blow without flinching or showing temper, and hitting back when the chance came. I also devoted a

great deal of time to the study of anatomy ; indeed, the doctor I studied with tried to induce me to give up painting and take to the medical profession. I had the general training of a medical student, and spent much of my time in the dissecting-room, and in attending post-mortem examinations in the study of morbid pathology. It was extremely interesting, and what the results of my enthusiasm might have been I do not know, but one day my father opened a letter by mistake which was intended for me, and which contained an invitation to attend a post-mortem on a negro who was supposed to have died of smallpox. My father did not often interfere with me, but on this occasion he put it quite firmly that I was to choose between cutting up dead niggers who had died of smallpox and coming home and sitting down to dinner with himself and the rest of the family. I gave up the negro, and soon after went to London, to live there permanently.

It was thought advisable that I should join the Academy Schools, so I took lodgings near the South Kensington Museum, where I made my preliminary drawings. They were accepted by the Academy, and after the usual three months' probationary work I was admitted as a student. My father then took

me with him to Antwerp, Dresden, Munich, and Paris, and asked me where I would now like to study. In Paris I saw some pictures and drawing by Ingres. I had heard a great deal about Monsieur Ingres from my father's old friend Victor Mottez, himself a distinguished artist, and one of Ingres' favourite pupils, who after a stay in England had returned to Paris. He took me to see some of his master's work, and as he found that I responded at once to the enthusiasm he felt himself for what I saw, he proposed to my father that I should be left in Paris, and he would look after me. My delight was unbounded. Rooms were taken for me not far from Mottez' house on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and as I was then sixteen, and considered quite capable of taking care of myself, my father left me, with instructions to work hard and behave myself.

Of the usual student's life in Paris I saw nothing. I was Mottez' only pupil, and his notions of what constituted work were quite different from anything I had as yet had experience of. Twelve hours a day was the minimum, and it generally began in winter by having to light the studio fire at about 5.30 a.m. It was a coke stove, and very difficult to light, and I cordially hated it, but Mottez assured

me that if I succeeded in this I should find the other steps to fame comparatively easy. Any notions I had entertained before I went to Paris that I already knew something about the practice of Art were quickly dispelled. I was put back to the very bottom of the ladder, and it was impressed upon me that what I had considered accuracy of drawing coming from the Academy Schools of London was not drawing at all according to the standard of the Ingresists. Furthermore, for my encouragement I heard every day that the acquisition of technique was only the preliminary step; that given a man had learnt to draw and paint quite perfectly, it was the rightful application of his execution, more than the execution itself, that mattered. Beauty, style and character were the watchwords, and vision — the true insight into Nature and into Art—was placed above all.

Ingres himself told me that he would undertake to teach anyone to draw and paint in a few months, but that it took a lifetime to learn to see, and that he himself, at the age of eighty-six, as he was when I knew him, was then only beginning to see. Artists will understand what he meant; but those who have not had to use their eyes in the service of Art may perhaps exclaim that everyone who is not

blind can see. Can they? How many thousands of people have seen a woman holding her babe in her arms? Raphael saw it, and what he saw was the "Madonna della Sedia." Ingres saw a girl holding a pitcher on her shoulder, and gave us "La Source." These two pictures are in some ways the most instructive examples that an artist of our times can keep before his eyes. We are living in an age of revolution; it is in the very air we breathe, and no one can escape it—revolution against the Church, revolution against the State, revolution against all the doctrines and ideals that have hitherto regulated men's lives and been their aspirations. The world of Art has no more escaped this epidemic of revolt from all accepted tradition than other lines of thought. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries witnessed a revolution, but it was a revolution inspired by, not a revolt from, preceding history. Michael Angelo, the greatest humanist of that date, had seen and understood Phidias, and has revealed to us, in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the highest conception yet attained of the dignity of the human race—Titanic forces of body, when every muscle and organ is trained to the perfect action for which it was intended in the general scheme of the wonderful organism man, an

organism controlled by a still more mysterious and wonderful agency, the soul or spirit of man. We see in these Prophets and Sybils of the Sistine Chapel not only the highest attainments of physical beauty, if beauty may be designated as fitness of the machine for the work that machine had to do, but also as the receptacles of spirits who directed or used these machines to the highest attainment of which, with our limited sense of what is meant by attainment, man is capable. In this great company of the Vatican Chapel we have not only men and women who could descend and do any work given to mortals to do, but we have the leaders of thought as well as of action. Homer, Socrates, Dante, Galileo, and also the then unborn spirits of Shakespeare, Newton, and Beethoven, are present to those who have eyes in their heads and understandings behind their eyes. Raphael spoke the same truths, that there are in humanity unquestionable possibilities of good, and beauty for those who will look below the surface of things and seek for it. I have seen on Mount Etna red-hot lava flowing deep down below masses of scoriæ and snow. The fire was there, however deeply hidden ; and poets, painters and philosophers find it, and proclaim its presence to their fellow-creatures.

Raphael, in the "San Sisto," lit his torch in heaven, and those who have no knowledge or conception of heaven fail to understand, but in the "della Sedia" he has lifted the veil, not from heaven, but from a corner of a market-place in Rome, and shown us in this miracle of Art what possibilities are within reach of us all.

Ingres had the same intellectual insight. He was a great humanist, as Michael Angelo and Raphael were humanists; he invented nothing: everything he wanted was before his eyes, and he found it. His eyes were like X rays, which penetrated through all superficial obstacles to the element of beauty he knew lay hidden, and he saw it. His hand could render everything that his eye could see, with a facility and dexterity seldom, if ever, equalled before or since, and his admiration for what he found in Nature went hand-in-hand with an unbounded enthusiasm for the works of his great predecessors, especially the Greeks and Raphael. The works he executed have, in consequence, come to be recognized by schools most opposed to one another as the best his age has produced, and claimed by each in support of its own opinions. The idealists find such beauty and intention in all he did that they forgive his realism,

whilst the realists condone his love of beauty for his fidelity in rendering what he saw.

The theory that Ingres and his school held about Art was, as I understand it, that beauty was the main essential—not only beauty in conception, but beauty in execution. Given that a picture was to be painted at all, it had primarily to be a picture worth painting. This point conceded, it had to be carried out to the very utmost of the artist's ability: the grouping of the figures, the proper articulations of every limb, the modelling and finish of ears, hands, feet; the science of drapery, veiling but not concealing form, helping, not obstructing, action; the rendering of architecture correct in every detail of the school represented; the dignity of landscape and the truth of perspective—these were some of the points desired, and perfect finish demanded in every inch of the canvas. Any suggestiveness, any painting for effect, any brushwork to look well at a distance, but repulsive at close sight—these were anathema; and Ingres, with his strong personality and his fierceness of invective against all he considered degrading to the Art he venerated so truly, had a powerful influence not only among his own followers, but on all the Art of his time. Of course he had many and bitter

enemies: the severity of his teaching and doctrines ill suited the sluggards. A happy fluke, a lucky twist of a brush loaded with pigment, which, with the help of a little imagination, might pass at some yards' distance for what it was supposed to represent, was a far more popular doctrine than the demand for the substance and not the shadow made by Ingres, not only on his own behalf, but in the name of all the great masters his predecessors. These were the doctrines which, during the twelve months I spent in Paris—doctrines enunciated with no possibility of question—I daily heard; they became ingrained in my very nature, and subsequent experience and deep study of the Art of the past, as well as of contemporary painting and sculpture, have only confirmed me in their justice. I have seen many so-called movements and revolts against tradition; not one of them has come to anything. Nature does not change, and the true way of looking at Nature was found by the Greeks and the great masters of the past. Schools had certainly become decadent because men of inferior talent and no imagination have copied what they admired in past work, or imitated it without reflecting that it was the principle on which the work was founded, and not the work itself, which should have been

the object of their study. Merely to copy the mannerisms of a great artist, and to neglect the teaching of his works, is about as sensible a proceeding as might be the action of a would-be poet who, having acquired a manuscript of Shakespeare, hoped by imitating his handwriting to rival his genius. Ingres was merciless on the *postiche*. No one had a greater or wider admiration for what had been done by great artists of all schools in the past. If he gave the first place of all to the Greeks and to Raphael, yet his enthusiasm could be aroused by Memling and Botticelli as keenly as by Rubens and Titian; but what these men had said, they had said. They had said it in their own way, and the quaintness and charm of their manner of saying arose from their own idiosyncrasies. The purloining of their manner, the seeking to give interest to an otherwise empty canvas by adopting the naïveté of the primitifs, or the scholarly methods of Raphael, he considered equally inadmissible. If a work was a man's own, an honest attempt to render an idea worth rendering founded on a rightful reference to Nature, it always received consideration, however faulty in achievement it might be; it was the trickster, the adapter, the purloiner of other men's manners, whether contemporaries or of

the past, who received short shrift and scant mercy. The artists who were false to their calling were the objects of his severest censure, but the writers who propounded false doctrine (though in his day the critic-dealer was as yet unknown, and Art criticism had not sunk to the level it has reached now) were the objects of his most cordial detestation.

A characteristic story was told me by Mottez, how he went to see him in Rome when he was laid up in bed with a violent cold. Mottez asked him how he had managed to catch his cold, and Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of Monsieur X. "What, X., the Art critic?" said Mottez. "I thought you hated him?" "That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres; and there are very few painters who would not sympathize with the feeling, or who would not willingly catch colds in a similar cause. I shall never forget the day when I was taken to see Ingres. I found a short, thick-set man of about eighty-six years old, dressed in a dirty old painting coat, and with a white cotton nightcap on his head, which he was fond of wearing, and the tassel of which bobbed about over his nose when he got animated in talk and furious, in a very comical fashion. He was then a Senator of France, and had received every

honour his country had to bestow, but his manners were most simple and courteous, till Mottez of malice prepense started him off; when, as never failed, he gave us a fine exhibition of invective against some of the practices which were even then creeping into Art. What would he say now, when some of the innovators he denounced as "furious madmen" are looked upon as academical and dull in face of more recent developments of insanity. I showed M. Ingres a roll of drawings I had taken with me, and he was kind about them, but I got a practical lesson of what he meant by drawing. He wore the nail of his thumb long and sharp, and noticing that in one of my drawings I had taken great pains to finish and highly model a limb which was in itself defective in drawing, he corrected it with his thumb-nail, which cut nearly through the paper, and effectually disposed of any further finishing of what did not deserve it. Stickler of finish as he was, the thing had to be right first, and then finished, and not finished first and put right afterwards, as that it never was. As I came away from the great artist's house with my old friend Mottez, he told me that Ingres had known Napoleon Bonaparte when he was a lieutenant in the army, had always remained friends with him, and had

painted him three times. He also told me that he remembered the day when Louis XVI. had his head cut off. I said: "Did he go and see it?" Mottez replied: "Oh no! he was busy with a picture"; which showed me the relative importance he attached to cutting off a King's head and finishing a picture.

Ingres was certainly one of the most remarkable men of the nineteenth century, and it is a pity that he is so little known in this country. Taste has set very much in an opposite direction to the Art he practised; and his colour especially is not attractive to the fellow-countrymen of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. That he despised colour is not true. The well-known anecdote about him that on going to see a picture he exclaimed, "Coloriste, va!" and walked out of the studio, only meant that colour alone did not suffice when every other quality was lacking, not that colour in itself was contemptible. If anyone would know more about him than this very imperfect sketch can give, I would recommend a book called "L'Atelier d'Ingres," by Amaury Duval. Amaury Duval was one of his favourite pupils, and besides being a distinguished artist, was a brilliant writer, so his book is well worth reading. I knew him

well ; he and Stürler, another Ingres disciple, were two of Mottez' best friends, and the three were constantly together. They used often to come and dine at the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, and Reber, the composer, and Admiral Pages used also to come. As Mottez made no pretension to wealth, each guest used to bring a dish—one a fowl, another a pâté, a third a cheese—so that the dinners were somewhat like picnics, and very gay they were. Admiral Pages had a passion for bric-à-brac, especially rare porcelain, and knew a good deal about it ; he had the good fortune of being in command of a French man-of-war at the time of the sacking of the Summer Palace at Pekin. He took his boat's company to the Palace, and promised himself a day's looting such as seldom falls to the lot of a collector. With nothing to pay, he only selected the finest and rarest pieces, and being almost the only man on the spot who understood what to take, there was no one to gainsay him in his choice. One fearful moment he had which he never forgot : he came upon a large jar, so rare and so priceless that for a moment he hesitated whether he could trust even his well-trained and devoted sailors with its removal ; but as he was examining it, considering how he could

J. D. INGRES.

From a portrait of the artist by himself in the Gallery of the Uffizi, Florence.

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most safely handle it, a party of British tars came along, and one of them thought fit to drive his foot through it. The Admiral told me that in his rage he was tempted to have the man immediately executed, but the consequences would have been a European war, and a war with England because of a broken jar might not have been agreeable to the authorities in Paris.

Stürler, who was Mottez' most intimate friend, was one of the quaintest and most original characters it was ever my luck to meet. Born in Switzerland, he spent some years in Ingres' studio in Paris, and then took up his residence in Florence, studying Dante and the early Italian masters, and acquired a knowledge of both subjects which has seldom been surpassed. He then returned to France, bought a house at Versailles, and married. His choice fell on an English lady, and a sorely-tried person she was. Being English, he considered she could be easily shocked, so he made it his principal business in life to find "du shockinge" for Mme. Stürler. How completely he succeeded, and what quips and cranks he invented in this laudable endeavour, I need not dilate upon; but she was a very sensible woman, and took it all in good part, and he was a man of such extraordinary wit,

culture, and refinement, that even his wildest sallies might have been forgiven by the most prudish.

My work under Mottez was so severe that I used to be very glad to get to bed early; but all work and no play was hardly to be expected of a boy of seventeen. Through Marochetti's friends, the Comtesse de Sade and Mme. de Noailles-Standish, I had introductions into some of the best society in Paris; but balls and parties were less interesting than meeting men and women who were famous. One evening, at a party given by Mme. Guyet Desfontaines, Amaury Duval said to me: "Look at those three ladies sitting together on the sofa." I said I did not see any ladies; I saw three men. He replied: "Look closer, and you will see they are wearing petticoats, though you would not think it from their hair and their coats. Well, one is Georges Sand, the other is Rosa Bonheur, and the third is——" In spite of Amaury's injunction I have forgotten who the third lady was, but as I had been devouring all the literature of the time—Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Gautier, Janin, Mérimée, etc.—I looked at Georges Sand with much interest, but was quite content with looking at her from a respectful distance, and

declined the proposal to be taken up and introduced to the formidable lady.

In the musical world of Paris I found several of my father's old friends, who were kind to me for his sake. At Mottez' I met Reber and Saint Saëns, and at Mme. Damcke's, almost every Sunday evening, I met Hector Berlioz and Stephen Heller, and obtained from them frequent cards for the concerts of the Conservatoire. Altogether my time in Paris was very pleasant, but as I was not strong, my health broke down after about twelve months' work, and a sharp attack of bronchitis nearly carried me off. My mother came to nurse me, and when I was sufficiently strong again to move she told me that a cousin of my father's, Bernard Harkort, was going to spend the winter in the South of Italy, and had offered to take me with him.

CHAPTER II

How joyfully the proposal of this journey to Italy was received I need not say. I packed up my things, and set off to meet my cousin in Rome. I went by Geneva and the Simplon route, and the weather in the late autumn being beautifully fine, I had my first experience of lake and mountain scenery under the most favourable conditions. To find myself really in Italy was joy unbounded, and my first night in Arona is as fresh with me now as though it were only yesterday. I wandered through the little town and by the shores of the lake, and then returned to the inn for supper. I was the only traveller, and my table had been arranged in the guest sala; but the padrona, a kind-hearted, motherly woman, thought I looked dull all by myself, and suggested I should come down to the kitchen. I jumped at the proposal, and was taken down to a large vaulted room with a roaring fire and long tables, at which were seated farmers, postilions, and other jovial companions,

feasting, drinking, and smoking. I would not have missed it for anything, as it seemed to fit in so perfectly with the lake and the mountains and the moon outside, and verify all the notions of Italy drawn from familiarity with the numerous Italian operas I had had the good fortune to see in London and Paris. If only Mario or Gardoni could have risen up from one of the tables to sing a cavatina, the illusion would have been perfect.

The next day I went on to Milan and then to Florence, but the feast of beautiful things in these towns could only be tasted on that occasion, as I was due in Rome; so after a bewildering two or three days I went to Leghorn to take ship to Civita Vecchia. At Leghorn I even had a touch of adventure to add to the exhilarations of my first Italian journey. The steamer to Civita Vecchia was to start at midnight, and lay out at some distance in the harbour. I engaged a boat and two men to row me out, and when about half-way across, the two beauties left off rowing, and told me I was to give them twenty francs apiece then and there. It was a dark night, not another boat was in sight, and there I was in the middle of a nautical adventure, for all the world as though I was reading a page of Marryat's novels! I was not

in the least inclined to part with forty francs, my supply of francs being then, as at all times, rather limited; and I further reflected that if I did produce a purse it would probably be taken from me, and I should receive a whack over the head with an oar, and be sent to finish my Italian experiences at the bottom of the sea. I had a bag between my knees, in which there was a revolver; the tiresome thing was not loaded, and there was no time to slip in a cartridge, but I thought I would chance it. So instead of a purse I pulled out a pistol, which I pointed at the boatmen, and told them to take me on board the steamer, in as firm a voice as I could manage. They obeyed like lambs, and when we got to the steamer I told the captain what had happened, but he only remarked that I might consider myself very fortunate not to have been knocked on the head, and that his present business was to get his ship under way, so there was an end of the matter.

When I got to Rome I went to the Hôtel de Londres in the Via Bocca di Leoni, kept by the brothers Genres, one of the most comfortable and best-managed hotels it has ever been my luck to be in. There I found my cousin.

Bernard Harkort was a man considerably older

than myself, but he made me forget this in the delightfulness of his companionship. Well off by the money he had inherited from his father, Baron Harkort of Harkorten, he had added considerably to his fortune by successful business in China. He had returned to Europe to enjoy himself, and, fortunately for me, he found a pleasure in showing me the wonders of the Eternal City. Highly educated, and a man of very refined taste, and knowing Rome thoroughly himself, I could not possibly have seen it under better guidance than his, and he had the art so few people possess of making sight-seeing a constant pleasure and never a toil.

From Rome we went on to Naples, and, after a fortnight or three weeks spent in visiting all there was to be seen there and in the neighbourhood, we went to Sicily.

Whilst at Naples I was one day drawing in the Museum, when a party of English people came in, and I heard one lady say: "There's a young artist drawing; let's go and see what he is doing." And a man's voice exclaimed: "Why, it's young Hallé!" I looked up, and saw that it was Sir Coutts Lindsay with Lord and Lady Somers, and the lady who had first spoken, and to whom I was introduced, was the lady Sir Coutts had married

a few weeks before. I little thought then how closely I was to be associated with the Lindsays in after-life.

Before leaving Naples, Harkort took the precaution of packing several hampers with provisions to take with us. Sicily was then in a very disturbed state. The capture of Moens by brigands had frightened off almost all tourists, so it was doubtful how we should find the hotels provided with food. Harkort was not a man to be stopped by trifles like brigands, so we set off, and at Messina he engaged a carriage to take us to Syracuse. He absolutely refused the cavalry escort the authorities recommended; and the only precaution he took was to put a loaded revolver on the seat in front of him in the carriage, and to inform the driver that as a measure of precaution he would put a bullet through his back, if we were so unfortunate as to meet any brigands. He assured him that there was no reflection meant on his good faith, but that it was better to be on the safe side. After our day's journey, whilst waiting for dinner, he would amuse himself by firing at bottles in the garden, and as he was a crack shot, and the natives—including the vetturino—generally assisted at these exhibitions of skill, it was thought on the whole advisable to leave him

alone, and we never, during the month we spent in Sicily, saw anything to cause us anxiety.

There was a splendid eruption of Mount Etna going on that winter, so we started from Syracuse to get as near the scene of operations as we could. We were mounted on mules, and after a long day's climb reached the snow-line, beyond which it was impossible to go. We started early, and the weather, though the month was January, was as warm as an English June. For some miles round Syracuse the earth was covered with anemones and other flowering plants so thickly that the whole world seemed flowers. In the far distance we thought we could see Malta, but closer at hand was the coast of Calabria, and ahead of us the mountain we were climbing. Of course it was impossible not to think and talk of Ulysses and of Arethusa, or not to imagine that the row Etna itself was making was not the roar of Polyphemus hungry for more adventurers. We stopped at midday to rest in an orange orchard belonging to a courtly Sicilian Marquis, who grew some of the finest oranges in the country, but whose pride forbade him to sell them, and they were allowed to drop off the trees or to be plucked and eaten by any traveller who came that way. We had been in

the saddle from daybreak in a hot sun, and we responded nobly to our unknown host's hospitality. I accounted for three dozen oranges as my share, which, with a roll of bread and a bottle of wine, made one of the best meals I have ever eaten. After a smoke we remounted, and presently the character of the country changed—all flowers disappeared, and all vegetation except the cactus. Dreary blocks of lava were on every side and underneath us, and we might have been in Dante's Inferno. As the sun went down the scene became still more weird; the whole sky was lighted up by the blazing volcano and by the electric discharges which accompany big eruptions. The mountain shook with a constant earthquake, and the noise was terrific. We rode on till we came to the brink of the lava-stream, and there, deep down under masses of scoriæ, torn-up trees, and all sorts of rubbish, we saw the red-hot river slowly making its way downwards, with complete disregard to rights of property and occupation of houses, as we found later, on our coming to a village which had been entirely destroyed. The snow proved to be too deep and soft for us to reach the summit of the mountain, so at midnight we began to descend. We did not return to Syracuse, but to a village to

which the guides offered to take us by a short cut. Their idea of a short cut was to go down places like the side of a house. They sat and slid down great boulders of lava, trusting that their mules would follow them, which the intelligent brutes did. They would give a squeal and sometimes a kick, and then put their legs together and slide after their masters. Our business was to hold on, and not get unseated or interfere with the mules, as they knew more about it than we did. Doing a lava-chute on mule-back at midnight down a roaring, shaking, blazing mountain is to be recommended to those in search of pleasurable excitements, and I wish I was there now instead of writing about it in a dense fog in the Fulham Road.

When we reached the inn where we were to sleep, and at which we arrived at about 3 a.m., we looked at the beds, but one look was enough! An entomologist might have enjoyed the opportunity of studying insect-life, but we did not fancy it, and to escape being eaten up alive we spread our coats on a table in the middle of the room and got what sleep we could. The next day we rejoined the carriage at Taormina, and so back to Messina and Naples. At Naples my kind cousin left me, to

return to Germany, and I went to Rome. My master, Mottez, wrote to me that I could not do better than remain in Italy, as I found myself there; so I took a studio and set to work, composing pictures, and drawing from the life in my studio, and at other times working in the Vatican.

Rome in the sixties, under Pius IX., was a very different place from what it is, I understand, now. The Colosseum was still half overgrown with trees, and there was a lane of cypresses and olives all the way from the Piazza Barberini to St. John Lateran. If cabbage-stalks were not uncommon in the streets, no more were Cardinals, monks, peasants in picturesque dresses, and the hundreds of other things that made Rome a paradise for artists. Italian unity may be in some ways a desirable thing—it is possible that even in Italy there may be some people who still believe in it—but it is undeniable that the havoc it has worked on the beauty of Italy is most disastrous. When the destruction of beautiful things is considered necessary to give emphasis to an idea, one misdoubts the soundness of the idea. When I was in Rome I had no doubts at all about the desirability of keeping things as they were, and keeping Garibaldi and his friends outside The men I got to know were all

of this way of thinking. Conservatism in Art made me naturally incline towards anti-revolutionary ideas in other things. Storey, the American sculptor, and Severn, the English Consul, were both kind to me, and often invited me to their houses, but my real friends were amongst the Noble and Swiss Guards and the Pontifical Zouaves. In the latter corps I had two very great friends, Lieutenants Guillemin and Mousty, two light-hearted young Frenchmen, with whom I often used to go and spend a few days at their camp at Frascati. The men I met in the Pontifical Zouaves were some of them mere idlers and adventurers collected from all parts of Europe, but most of them were serving a cause they believed in almost to fanaticism, and often at a heavy sacrifice to themselves. In Guillemin's company he had a young rich Belgian Duke serving as a private; he made no parade of his religion, but Guillemin told me he sometimes in the night would hear the swish of his discipline as he flagellated himself. Men like that let themselves be killed without the slightest compunction, and, indeed, my two friends were both shot at the Battle of Mentana some years after I left Rome. What struck me particularly was the mixture of gaiety and devil-may-

caredom with their almost fanatical belief in their cause. They used to swagger about the streets of Rome, and as they were not at all popular with the natives, they mostly carried pistols in the pockets of their wide breeches. As they could not keep their fingers off the triggers, the weapons would occasionally go off, and a bullet would go through their legs; but little incidents like that did not seem to upset them much or make them more cautious. Anyway, they were delightful companions, and so was Captain Schmid, who was in command of the Swiss Guard.

One distinct advantage I derived from my friendship with these men was that I had access to the Vatican at all times, and was always secure of a good place either in the Sistine Chapel or St. Peter's for the great functions of the Church, which were not in those days shorn of any of their splendour. One of these functions, and one of the most picturesque, which few English people have seen, as it took place in the height of summer, when almost all foreigners had left Rome, and has been discontinued since the Italian occupation, was the procession of the Pope and Cardinals round the Piazza of St. Peter's on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. I was fortunate in securing a good place,

and saw it all perfectly. The Pope, Pius IX., was carried in the *sedia gestatoria* with two fan-bearers in front, and followed by his suite of Camerieri segrete, Noble Guards, and chaplains. Behind him rode the Cardinals attired in their full red robes of state. Each one was mounted on a richly caparisoned mule, and was attended by his personal suite on foot. The Swiss and Noble Guards followed, some mounted, some on foot, the Swiss Guard wearing damascened breastplates and helmets, and carrying halberds. The procession started from the main door of the Basilica, which on this occasion was thrown wide open, and after making the tour of the Piazza returned to the church. The brilliant sunshine, the kneeling crowds, the crimson robes of the Cardinals, the crosses and the swinging of incense, combined to make a scene not easily forgotten.

The Papal benediction from the balcony over the main door of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, and the illumination of the church at night, were also two of the sights I was fortunate in witnessing. These things belong to the past. Whether or not they will ever be revived, who can tell? They are certainly not in the spirit of Modernism; but Modernism, whatever else may be said for it, is

undeniably ugly—ugly in its Art, ugly in its architecture, ugly in its music, ugly in its chimneys and smoke, and its motor-cars and trams—and I am glad to have seen Rome when it was still medieval and beautiful. I have not been there since the Italian occupation; but from all I have heard and read, the change under the present régime is not one that any artist can contemplate without a sigh. Pontifical Rome was a link with the past which nothing else ever replaces. It was the rallying-place for all those who believe that not only in Art, but in all other things, true progress is obtained by gradual advancement founded on respect for what has already been done; not by a destruction of all old ideals and a frantic worship of new theories, many only half formed before they are put forward, and incapable of realization.

I came in after-years to know Giovanni Costa, the distinguished landscape-painter and patriot. He made heavy sacrifices for the cause of Italian unity, and believed in it as keenly as my friends in the Zouaves believed in the cause he was attacking. They may, indeed, have exchanged rifle-shots at Mentana, as they fought on opposite sides. Costa's side ultimately triumphed, but the victory brought little satisfaction to him, if not bitter disappoint-

ment. The personal ingratitude shown him he cared little about, but when he contemplated the havoc worked on his beautiful Rome, and asked himself what was the result obtained, either in enhanced beauty or enhanced dignity and well-being of his fellow-countrymen, his answer as he looked round cannot have been a pleasant one. What Costa must have felt, many others must have felt and are still feeling. Pontifical Rome, apart from all religious views, means anti-revolution. Revolutions for the last 120 years have gone hand-in-hand with destruction. The guillotine has stopped for the present its bloody work on men and women's heads, but it is still in full swing on their souls and minds. As Henry VIII. and Cromwell destroyed buildings, pictures, and statues which they thought might recall practices they deemed superstitious, so the advanced iconoclasts attack not only the same inanimate things, but the ideas that called them forth. As an effectual bar to the building of any more churches, occupying land better utilized in the growing of cabbages, let there be no more religion. Lest men's minds should be raised to anything which might be termed superstitious, let there be no melody in music, no beauty in Art. Man himself, under the levelling process

of the new ideas, is no longer to be rendered as Michael Angelo conceived him—the most perfect of created things, and the most capable of mighty deeds, whether of the mind or body. Such beings might rise above their fellow-creatures or be followed, which would never do if all are to be equal; so man is to be considered in Art only for the accidental aspect his skin or his clothes may assume under varied effects of light. An axiom gravely put forward by one of the leaders of the new school, and widely accepted, is that "the principal personage in a picture is the light." The light, therefore, falling on a man is of more importance than the man himself, and lest there should be any rivalry, the man selected should be a nonentity, and had better be employed in eating a potato than represented as doing anything which might detract attention from the lights on his boots. As for man, so for woman. In ancient days men concentrated their efforts on rendering what was loveliest in creation in their representations of Venus. Christian artists, on taking the Madonna as their type of everything that was most beautiful, had the added motive of portraying not only what was beautiful in outward form, but the highest attributes of perfect womanhood in charac-

ter. However mechanical representations of the Madonna may have become, and however unworthy, yet no one can aim at the highest without good to himself if without pleasure to others. This was felt to be the danger—again "superstition" might be kindled; so the Madonna was dethroned, and that there might be no further nonsense, the ballet-girl took her place. Woman, in her gentleness, beauty, and purity, disappeared, and the truthful rendering of limelights on her silken tights became the object of serious endeavour, and the subject of most applause when successful. It must be a subject of great annoyance to the New School that in spite of the hideous garments in which men and women too often disguise their forms, those forms themselves are still fashioned as they were before the French Revolution. The difficulty is met by the brilliant inspiration—smudge. Smudge, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, and if blots are called in to help, salvation is secured. Painting freed from all shackles of truth of form is having a perfect orgy of riotous living; and the only difficulty seems to be to perpetrate some outrage more outrageous than what has been done already. Subjects are sought in the gutter, and inspiration in a bottle of absinthe; but even deca-

dence has its limits, and the only hope is that its limits may be reached and a reaction come. Sculpture, for a time, was outside the pale, and looked on green with jealousy; but a bolder spirit arose, and said: "Why not? Let us knock off the heads of our statues, punch holes in their stomachs, curtail the number of their fingers and their toes, and we may yet live;" and so it was done, and great was the applause evoked. Will architecture follow suit, and then the art whose domain is the kitchen?

I seem to have wandered away from Rome in these reflections, but I have not really done so. A city was wanted as an antidote to Paris—not sober Paris, but Paris drunk—and it was only in Pontifical Rome, where one felt that certain vagaries were impossible. It is all very well to scoff at *non possumus*, but that there should be some spot where *non possumus* is admitted is surely desirable; and if the anarchy and chaos which are prevalent in Art are to be found in other branches of thought, the need of some solid rock of refuge for those who are still sane is surely apparent. I remember my father telling me one day that I had fortunately taken up a branch of Art in which certain absurdities which had not only crept into

music, but had been accepted, were quite impossible. I told him it would be difficult to beat some of the things that were being done, and he answered: "Would anyone dare to paint a face with a nose on each side and an ear in the middle? Because that is the equivalent of what they are doing in Germany now." This was some years ago, and we have advanced since then; but for the time I was silenced. What is called *l'Art nouveau* had not then come into being. Rome as I knew it under Pio Nono was still a city of great traditions for all branches of Art. The influence of Ingres was still felt at the French Academy in the Villa Medicis, and the names of Overbeck and Cornelius were treated with the respect they deserved. Gibson, the English sculptor, had a potent influence, and in music Liszt and the leader of the Papal choir, Mustafa, were all-powerful. I was in Rome when Liszt retired from the world and became an Abbé, and his manner of announcing his change of life was characteristic of the man. In weather which did not permit of the usual fashionable gatherings on Monte Pincio, the venue was changed to the galleries of the Vatican. Here, on the afternoon of Liszt's reception into the Church, the whole of Rome was assembled, and the conversation turned generally on the event of

the morning, when a venerable figure was seen in a new soutane, absorbed in his breviary, slowly pacing up and down in the retreat he had selected, as the most remote from the pomps and vanities of the world he had renounced. It was Liszt. The charm of Roman society in those days lay in the perfect equality in which everyone met. The dignitaries of the Church received marks of respect from Catholics and Protestants alike, but apart from that, all distinctions of rank and class, which might have kept people apart elsewhere, were dropped in Rome. I remember calling one afternoon to pay my respects to a Cardinal, to whom I had been presented. I rang the bell, and as I was waiting to have the door opened an old gentleman came and stood beside me, evidently on the same purpose bent. He looked a very simple, inoffensive old person, but when the door was opened I thought it would be manners to let him pass in first. He acknowledged the courtesy with a bow, and as I followed him in I heard him give his name to the servant as the King of Bavaria. I do not suppose he was the reigning King, but still quite King enough to have given himself more airs had he been so minded ; and though he did not do so, I thought my wisest course would be not to make a

third in his interview with the Cardinal, so I contented myself with writing my name in His Eminence's book, and retired. I have met several Kings since then, but that is the only occasion on which I ever stood on a mat outside a door with one, so I have not forgotten it.

I remained in Rome until July, and adopted the Roman habit in the summer of getting up very early—about four o'clock—dining at twelve, and going to bed again during the heat of the day. It kept me in perfect health, in spite of the great heat, and seemed to make the weeks consist of fourteen days instead of seven. I used on Sundays to have a horse sent to my lodgings at 4 a.m., and go for a long ride in the Campagna. Never shall I forget the Easter Sunday I spent in Rome. I was lucky in the mount sent round to me from the stables; he was a fiery little animal, and when we started early in the morning of a perfectly heavenly day we were both prepared to enjoy ourselves to the full. I do not know whether my horse enjoyed the scenery of the Campagna or understood how it was enhanced by the aqueducts and other monuments of Imperial Rome, but the soft, springy turf and the delicious crisp air were both to our liking. We met many herdsmen, also mounted, carrying

long poles with which to guide their cattle, and we exchanged greetings and chaff, and occasionally tried the merits of our respective nags in a friendly race. When I returned to Rome full of the *joie de vivre*, the joy-bells of Easter were ringing from every campanile in the city, and after a bath and breakfast I went to St. Peter's for the splendid ceremony of a Pontifical High Mass.

I lunched, when it was all over, with Captain Schmid, who was in command of the Swiss Guard, and he told me that however much I might have been impressed by the service, and however much I might have enjoyed it, my feelings were not shared by the unfortunate men who had to keep order inside the church. They were lined up in their full panoply on each side of the nave, which they had to keep open for the Papal procession, and their work was no child's play. Excited French priests and English ladies, who were constantly under the impression that they could obtain a better place on the other side, were always trying to dodge across, and to get past the worthy Swiss was the object of their ambition, to obtain which they resorted to unworthy stratagems. A favourite trick was to insert a pin into some part of the guard unprotected by armour, and when the unfortunate

man turned round, they would dodge past on the other side and scuttle across the nave before they could be stopped—it was an unworthy trick. I have often noticed that sightseers will stick at nothing, but this practice of pin-sticking is, I trust, now in abeyance, and although the Swiss Guard may still wear their cuirasses on great occasions, I hope that they are now permitted to do so in peace.

Another Easter ceremonial which much impressed me was the public confession in St. Peter's. A platform was raised on the left-hand side of the high altar, and there a Cardinal sat and heard the confessions of penitents, who had committed such grievous sins they had to resort to Rome to obtain absolution. I saw more than one contadino in his goatskin jacket go up and kneel before the Cardinal, who put his arm over his shoulder and listened to the recitation of what was probably an exciting drama, in which the knife had played an active part. When the confession was over, the penitent, on leaving the church, would kneel down before a confessional near the main entrance, and receive a touch from a long wand, after which he was free to depart, and, we trust, sin no more.

On working days I went to the Vatican, where, as I said, I always managed to get in at all times,

and for many an hour I have had the Sistine Chapel all to myself, when I could lie on my back on the Cardinals' benches and really get to know Michael Angelo's people quite well; and a splendid company they are, too, the highest types of human beings ever imagined. I generally spent the mornings in the Vatican, drawing among the sculpture or making a copy in oil from Raphael's frescoes. After dinner and siesta I worked in my studio, and then went to read Italian literature with an Abbé who gave lessons. He had the happy thought to make me learn many of the choicest sonnets and canzone of Dante and Petrarch by heart. He told me that at my age poetry learned by heart was never forgotten, and his words have proved quite true, as most of the poems I committed to memory then have remained with me ever since, and are a constant pleasure to me now.

My stay in Rome was brought to a close by the news of the very serious illness of my mother, who had to undergo an operation. She survived it for about twelve months, but of course I did not like to leave her, or to leave my father after the fatal termination of my mother's illness.

CHAPTER III

When I found myself re-established in London, I set to work to try whether I could not turn what I knew to account, and painted several portraits, two of which, with two pictures, I sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1866. I was then nineteen, and when the day came to learn their fate, I went to Trafalgar Square, where the Exhibitions were then held, with a beating heart. The Royal Academy in those days treated all artists who were not members of their society with the very scantiest courtesy. We had to stand on Varnishing Day, some inside the door, some outside in the square, like casuals seeking relief at a workhouse, and shout out our names to a janitor posted in a box, who referred to a book, and gave the information as to the fate of our pictures in tones which Midas, announcing which circle in hell was the destiny of the unfortunate souls trembling before him, might have envied. A nice old gentleman with a white beard was standing next to me ; he gave his name,

and presently "All chucked!" was shouted from the box in a voice that would have reached to Charing Cross. I caught sight of his face, and of tears that had started to his eyes at the disappointment and ignominy of the whole proceeding, and resolved then and there that if ever I could do anything to alter this state of things I would do it. I am glad to think that after the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery the Academy thought proper to amend their ways, and treat their brother-artists with more consideration. When my turn came, I heard that my four pictures had been accepted; but my pleasure had been spoilt for the day, and I could only think of the disappointments I had witnessed on every side. One of my pictures was a portrait of my father, and he was so well known that I received commissions at once, and for some time I had as many portraits as I could manage to paint. I had higher ambitions than to remain always a portrait-painter, so when I had made a hundred pounds or so, I determined to go back to Italy for further study. This time I went by Nuremberg and Munich, over the Brenner to Venice.

Venice captivated me at once, and laid a spell on me that I have never shaken off. I intended to remain there a week; I did not leave for twelve

months, and at the end of that time I did not in the least wish to come away. I had spent my money, and wrote to my father to ask him if he would send me some more, but he said that if I wanted more money I had better come back and make it, which advice I had to take, as there was no alternative.

I need not dilate on the beauties of Venice; everything that can be said has been said and sung about the entrancing place, and every inch of her has been painted. Her painters and her architects are household words everywhere, and there are few, even those who have never been there, who are not familiar with St. Mark's, the Piazza, and the Salute. My special opportunity was to make acquaintance with the social life of Venice, very much as it must have been at the end of the eighteenth century. During the Austrian occupation the Venetians had lived in absolute seclusion, mixing not at all with the outside world, and retaining the habits and traditions of their ancestors who had lived in happier times. When the Austrians left, they woke up as from a long sleep, and began to enjoy life to the full. I got there before the first excitement had had time to wane. They all had plenty of money, as there had been no opportunity of spending it, and they were doing their best to make up for lost

time. I have seen ladies no longer in their youth going to almost their first balls with as keen a zest as young girls. There were entertainments almost every evening, and the Fenice and the other theatres were at their best. The old habits of the *cavaliere servente* and of almost daily duels were still rife, and during the Carnival masks were worn, not only at the Ridottas and the Fenice, but all day long in the Piazza and the streets. I knew Sir William Perry, the Consul-General; and his daughter, Mme. de Hurtado, was very kind to me. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff had also given me letters of introduction to several of the Venetian families, so that in a very short time I knew everybody in the place, and went to everything there was to go to. I had a studio and a bedroom on the Grand Canal, near the Salute and next door to the Palazzo Dario, and had only to look out between the marble columns of my balcony to see the most glorious sight and the most magical effects of colour to be seen anywhere. No wonder the Venetians were colourists—they had to be; but their difficulty was how to obtain by pigments the effects they daily saw. I made a very careful study of their methods, and several copies, and am convinced they proceeded almost entirely by glazing. They made

their pictures as brilliant as they could, with pure white or faintly tinted under-painting, and then put on the colour itself as a glaze without body-colour. The luminosity obtained by this method is much greater than any obtainable by solid painting, or painting on a dark ground, as the white or light ground shines through the surface-painting like light through a stained-glass window. That I might test my theories by practice, I painted an altar-piece of a Madonna and Child with St. George and St. Wilfred; but the Venetian method is not learnt in a day, and requires long practice. This picture, with studies in the Arena Chapel at Padua from Giotto, and sketching and drawing in the Academy, St. Mark's, and out of doors, kept me very busy.

I taught myself, after many tumbles into the water, to row a gondola, and kept a sandalo, in which I used to paddle along, if not to the edification of the gondoliers, who were professors in the art, at all events to my own satisfaction, as it is the finest and most enjoyable exercise in the world. Out in the open I got on pretty well; it was meeting another boat round the corner in a side canal which led to trouble and the exchange of much language. I was no match for a gondolier

in Venetian swear words, but I had a grand stock of English and French to fall back upon, so though I knew I was always in fault, I managed to carry things off more or less well. My rooms were exactly opposite the British Consulate, so when Sir William wanted a witness to a marriage or other contract I was sent for. I have often wondered how many runaway matches or marriages contracted under the influence of a moonlight night on the lagunes, and repented of since, my name may stand a witness to. On the occasion of the visit of Prince—afterwards King—Umberto with Princess Margherita to Venice, a splendid reception was organized. Sir William Perry was not well, so he sent me to represent the British Empire in his stead. Attired in a frock-coat and a tall hat, I sat in state with yards of blue velvet streaming in the water behind me, and four gondoliers in gala dresses, with the British arms on their sleeves, pulling the gondola. The procession from the station was a sight I shall never forget. Every Venetian family had turned out in state, with their boats decorated and their gondoliers in the old historic liveries. All the houses had tapestries and flowers hanging from their windows, and ladies in smart dresses behind them. It was a beautiful

day, and the sight was one to be remembered, and one which Guardi or Canelletto would have loved to paint.

The following evening I was witness of a curious little drama of Italian spite and jealousy. Prince Giovanelli, one of the richest men in Italy, gave a ball to the Prince and Princess. I had been dancing with the Countess M., perhaps the loveliest woman it has ever been my good fortune to see, and had taken her to the buffet to give her an ice. A lady in the suite of the Princess Margherita turned round and saw her, and whether it was ancient feud or sudden jealousy I knew not, but what I saw was that she took the cup of tea she had just received and deliberately, without any pretence of accident, poured the whole contents down the front of the Countess M.'s dress. It was a delicate pink satin, on which tea mixed with cream and sugar made a stain it was impossible to ignore. The two women bowed to each other as two swordsmen might before a duel, and without another word Countess M. asked me to take her to her gondola. When I returned to the ballroom I found that the story had got about, and had even reached the ears of their Royal Highnesses; but it was not yet ended. In about half an hour the

Countess M. returned. She had not changed her dress, but being the possessor of the finest rose point lace in Venice, she had told her maids to improvise an overskirt, which completely hid the stain of tea, and gave her an opportunity of wearing a garment worth many thousands of pounds; so the honour of the encounter certainly remained with her.

On another occasion I went to the Veglione on Shrove Tuesday at the Fenice. Every box had two or three dozen wax candles blazing away, and the ladies were in their smartest frocks and diamonds. An opera was going on, but I am afraid people paid scant attention to the stage. The business of the evening was to leave your box, put on a mask, and go and tell your friends what you knew about them—to their discredit, if possible—in a falsetto voice, so as not to be found out. Men did not mask unless they were accompanying masked ladies, when they were expected to back them up, and fight for them, if necessary, next morning, whatever rows they might be the cause of. I was selected by the two ladies I was with to be their cavalier, so we put on dominoes and masks at the back of the box and sallied forth, I having received strict injunctions not to say a word, whatever happened, as I could not do the falsetto voice, and my knowledge of

Venetian was limited. In the corridor one of the ladies, by great good fortune, met her husband, Count Z. She had so much to tell him that he became greatly excited, and informed us that he had prepared a little supper at home, and his wife being engaged, would we all come and sup with him? Of course we said "Yes," and we all went off, and it was only at table, when we unmasked, that Count Z. found his own wife facing him.

Masks were worn during the whole of Carnival week, and one could not take a walk abroad without presently being accosted by a lady in domino and mask, whose first question always was whether one truly loved her. Of course, you assured her of your passionate and unalterable affection, after which she would proceed to tell you what she knew of your past life, with comments thereon, often the reverse of flattering. I was astonished to find how much was known about my own modest career before I came to Venice, but I ascertained afterwards that weeks before the Carnival my friends had been written to in London, and questions asked about me. It was all very amusing, and the fun consisted in trying to find out with whom one was having an encounter. It was permissible to claim the right of looking at their hands and feet, and making a

guess by the fit of their gloves and shoes what position they held; but that was the only clue, and not always a safe one, and you remained in doubt whether the lady you were talking to was a Countess you had supped with the night before, or your washerwoman. I had two adventures which might have turned out most disagreeably, but which fortunately had no unpleasant consequences. One fine afternoon I was invited by two ladies to accompany them to an island lying out in the lagunes beyond the Giudecca. We arrived at our destination, landed, and told the gondoliers to take the boat round to the other side of the island, as we intended to walk across. We proceeded to the village, but when we got there we became conscious that something was wrong, and suddenly one of the ladies remembered that there had been an outbreak of smallpox in Venice, and the very place we had come to had been made the lazaretto, to which the patients were sent. They became alarmed, lost their presence of mind, and shouted to their gondoliers to come back. These were out of earshot, and the only result was to exasperate the people, who crowded round us, telling us we were aristocrats who had come to scoff at their ailments, and protesting that they

hoped we should catch the pestilence. They crawled out of their beds and out of doors, swathed in bandages, and grabbed at us with their hands. I kept them off the ladies as well as I could, and presently managed to attract the attention of our boatmen, who returned and took us off. We sent our clothes to be fumigated, and escaped with the fright, but anything more unpleasant than the whole scene it would be difficult to imagine.

My other adventure was that of being very nearly involved in a duel. Duels were matters of almost everyday occurrence, generally for very futile causes, and never resulted in serious injury to either combatant. The weapons were sabres, and the encounters took place at the Lido, the heroes generally going through the whole performance again afterwards on the Piazza with their walking-sticks. A Russian visitor to Venice, Prince Schahovskoi, gave an entertainment, at which he asked me to arrange some *tableaux vivants*. One of the pictures represented a scene of jealousy between two ladies, one dark and the other fair. The part of the fair lady was enacted by Lady M., who had light hair and a dazzling complexion, of which she was very proud. She managed to display more of her shoulders than I

had intended, and, moreover, in spite of my strict injunctions that she was not to do so, she drew the cork of a bottle of cochineal with her teeth as the curtain was going up for the second scene, and threw the contents over her dress, so that people in the audience thought she had really been stabbed, and some screamed and even fainted. Next evening I was present at a men's supper given by an Englishman at the Hotel Danieli, and an Austrian who was there, and who had seen the *tableaux* the evening before, made a remark to me across the table about Lady M., which I could not receive without protest. I left shortly afterwards, and was followed to the door by my host, who, with a very scared face, asked me what I intended to do. I said I intended to do nothing, but that if his friend had taken umbrage at my remark, I would see anybody he liked to send to me, and that I would wait at home for him all next day. Next day my sensations were quite the reverse of pleasant. I knew absolutely nothing about fencing or fighting with sabres, and did not look forward to the prospect of a nasty cut, or of making myself ridiculous when I had to handle the unaccustomed piece of iron. I could only trust to my old quickness as a boxer to get in a cut somewhere before I was carved up my-

self. The hours passed and nobody came, for which I was devoutly thankful. There may be, and I am told there is, great pleasure and exhilaration in an encounter with swords when you know all about it; but when you do not, I defy anybody to take any pleasure at all in standing up to be jabbed at with a knife. It is a pity that Englishmen going into society abroad do not learn how to handle weapons; it is impossible to avoid the chance of having to fight, and the alternative of a pistol or a sword cannot always be insisted upon; while the consequences are apt to be much more serious if firearms are used. The year after I left Venice an American got into trouble with an Italian, and though his case was like mine, and he knew absolutely nothing about sword-play, he had to go out. He had been paying assiduous court to a Venetian lady, but had not received the reward he anticipated from the manner in which his devotion had been accepted. It was again at a men's supper at Danieli's, given by the same Englishman, that the trouble arose. Count C. proposed the health of the American, but said he hoped he would not mind if he called him the *Cavaliere della trista figura.* What was meant was understood, and he received a glass of wine in his face by way of

repartee. They went to the Lido next morning to have it out. Count C. was the best swordsman in Venice, and our American friend had never handled a sword before ; but by one of those strange accidents that sometimes happen, in the very first encounter Count C. found himself minus a thumb, and further proceedings were stopped.

CHAPTER IV

After my twelve months of varied work, pleasure, and excitements in Venice, I returned to London, and again took up work as a portrait-painter, and was fortunate in obtaining commissions. It was about this time that I first made the acquaintance of Burne-Jones. He and Rossetti had seen some work of mine at the Dudley Gallery, and had sent Simeon Solomon to look me up and ask me to come and see them. In spite of my classical training under Ingres, the beauty, romance, and mystery of Burne-Jones's art appealed to me at once, and I could not but almost equally admire and respect the sincerity, the exquisite craftsmanship, with which the work was wrought. All fine work of whatever school has the power of exciting my enthusiasm. What I frankly and honestly cannot admire is the ugly, the pretentious, and the wilfully incomplete. I cannot rhapsodize over a smudge or a suggestion: these things may have the qualities which I hear on all sides they possess, but they are

lost on me, and I can see no reason for pretending to see merit to which I am totally blind.

It was about this time also that I saw a good deal of Ruskin. He several times came to see me, but on one occasion he found me studying a photograph from a drawing by Raphael. He denounced Raphael in no measured terms, and as I could not agree with him, he wrote to my father, urging him to persuade me to give up painting, as I believed in Raphael, and had no faith in his (Ruskin's) teaching. My father, as it happened, had an enthusiastic admiration for the great Italian artist, and had just had his eyes opened to Ruskin's hopelessly bad taste in music; so he contented himself with merely sending me Ruskin's letter, with a hint that I might do well to avoid seeing much more of him in the future.

This episode with Ruskin has, I fear, given me a bitter prejudice against all writers on Art. I avoid reading what they have to say, but it is impossible to avoid hearing sometimes what is the general trend of opinion, as expressed in the daily press and in journals devoted to Art, on the painting of the past and on contemporary work. After the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery, the insulting and senseless vituperation which Burne-Jones and other artists,

who have made English Art respected all over the world, received at the hands of Art critics was such, that in all Christian charity one could wish that all literature upon Art might be collected, and a huge bonfire lighted with it in the middle of Hyde Park, on which the writers might be roasted. The world would then be wholesome and sweet again, and Art hold up her head once more. Failing this drastic remedy, I can only advise a private burning or consignment to the waste-paper basket of all such literature unread. The writers earn money for the support of their very unnecessary existence by writing about pictures which they have to look at—or are supposed to do so; but the painters of pictures gain absolutely nothing but annoyance by reading what they write, so why should they? Or why should anyone?

Is it possible that anyone can be sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to allow his own taste to be directed by a professional Art critic? Artists who are real artists may differ in opinion and denounce one another right royally; but at the back of everything there are certain fundamental rules they all admit. Men who merely play to the gallery, and who smear pigment on a canvas in the degrading hope of obtaining notoriety in the press,

are not artists at all; and both they and the writers who encourage them are playing a senseless and most unworthy game. It is time that the truth was boldly proclaimed, and I only wish that some worthier pen than mine might do it. A great artist, thinker, and writer, G. F. Watts, would have spoken out had he lived, but, alas! he is gone, and there is no one left with his commanding authority. A few weeks before he died I spent an afternoon with him at his country-house, Limnerslease, and for hours he spoke to me of what was on his mind. He said that from some examples of modern work he had just seen, he felt that painting and sculpture had better cease to be altogether, than that they should be devoted to the cult of ugliness and obscenity. He begged me to close, or sell, or burn down the New Gallery, sooner than allow it to become a centre for everything he held to be most degrading in art. He did not blame me, because he knew that I was in no way responsible for the exhibition which had so excited his wrath; and he also knew, from a close acquaintance of forty years, that I was exactly of his way of thinking; but his grief and rage that such things could not only be tolerated, but senselessly applauded, in a country where he, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Millais, and others had

worked so hard to revive the sense of what was noble and beautiful, was a sad experience; and this conversation, followed, as it was so shortly afterwards, by his death, left a deep impression on me. Only a few years previously I had heard almost the same words spoken by Burne-Jones, in a long and solemn talk we had had together the evening before he died. Both these men died with despair in their hearts about the Art they loved so much, and the headlong pace at which it was hastening to become a corrupting influence in the world, instead of what men had always hitherto striven to make it, an influence for good. Throughout Europe there was no ray of light on the horizon, nothing but a sea of mud; no thought, no beauty, no workmanship—nothing but sensationalism of a degrading kind, and a method of work out of which nothing good could possibly come; as, for the first time in the history of Art, it struck at the roots of just those qualities which make fine Art possible. It is no wonder that I feel somewhat pessimistic, and it is with pleasure that I go back to my early days, when I returned to London from Venice full of enthusiasm myself, and finding enthusiasm and eager work on every side.

Besides Burne-Jones and Rossetti, I saw a great deal at this time of Millais, as I had a studio close

to his, and often went in to see what he was about. I remember a curious thing happening when he was painting his famous picture of the three Miss Armstrongs, which he called "Hearts are Trumps." He had painted the ladies sitting down, so as to bring his head on a level with theirs, and on a right horizon; but one day I was in his studio when he was painting the background—a screen—and as he was working at the top of the picture he stood up, and without thinking of what he was about, he painted the vanishing lines as he saw them, his head being higher than the screen—that is to say, running up instead of down. There was another man in the studio, and I said to him, hoping Millais would not hear: "Do you see what Millais is about? He is putting his horizon outside his picture." "So he is," he said; and we could not help laughing. Millais heard us, and insisted upon being told what the joke was about; so I drew his attention to the enormity he was perpetrating, and with half a dozen sweeps of the brush, he put it right. He told us then that Sir Francis Grant had once committed a similar mistake. He had painted a portrait of a Duke of Devonshire with his hand resting on a table; you saw the top of the table, and yet a glimpse of the sky was seen underneath it. This

was pointed out to him as being an absolute impossibility, and his only rejoinder was that Chatsworth was on a damned high hill. This was rather stiff for the President of the Royal Academy, as he forgot the obvious fact that the only possible way of seeing the top of a table, and at the same time seeing the sky between its legs, was to have a table larger than the world, and a Duke of Devonshire consequently of such colossal proportions that no House of Lords would hold him.

Of Little Holland House, the home of the Prinseps and of Watts, so much has been said and written, that hardly an artistic memoir of the last century does not contain ample references to it. It was the rendezvous, on Sunday afternoons in the summer, of all the most famous men and women in England. Statesmen, soldiers, poets, musicians, and painters all assembled there to play bowls or croquet, talk, drink tea, or eat strawberries, and after dinner sit in Mrs. Prinsep's lovely drawing-room among Watts's pictures, and listen to Joachim, Piatti, and my father play the music they interpreted so well. Another house where men of genius and beautiful women used to congregate was in Park Place, St. James's, where Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris on Thursday evenings kept open

house, and drew together many who had met in Little Holland House on Sunday. These two houses were for the literary and artistic life of London what Lady Palmerston's receptions were for the political, and since they have passed away no hostess with the talent of Mrs. Prinsep, Mrs. Sartoris, or Lady Palmerston has risen to take their place. Interesting as it was for me to constantly meet men of genius, and instructive also, for one who in after-life had so much to do with them, to learn their idiosyncrasies, and the pitfalls and snares an inexperienced person might fall into in coping with them, I confess that I often played truant from Little Holland House on a Sunday afternoon, to spend a few hours at The Shrubbery, Clapham Common. This was the house of Mr. Spartali, whose wife and two daughters surpassed in beauty any three women I have ever seen. I have often wondered why it is that a man may say that he has travelled a thousand miles to see a famous picture, a landscape, or a waterfall, yet he raises a smile if he confesses that he has turned a few yards out of his way to see a beautiful face. The much respected firm of Thomas Cook and Son may advertise tourist parties to visit the Falls of Niagara, and retain the confidence of their shareholders, but

were they to announce that they had made special arrangements to see Helen of Troy, were that respected lady still alive, their shares would drop 50 per cent.

I was never troubled with conventional ideas, and confess that the pleasure of gazing at Tennyson, or even hearing him read his own poems, was as nothing to the real joy that beauty in women and beauty in music have given me. The Shrubbery at Clapham, apart from other considerations, was very interesting through the men Mr. Spartali liked to collect around him. Here it was that I met Mazzini, Herzen, the Russian conspirator, Menotti Garibaldi, and Müller Strübing. Well do I remember an afternoon when I was sitting with Herzen and Mazzini, and I heard Herzen say: "Mazzini, we have taken part in revolutions and conspiracies not a few; we have read of many. But the one which is to come, which we shall not see, but before which all others will pale, will be the German revolution." I shall never forget Mazzini's face as he answered never a word, but bowed his head in assent. He wore no apparent collar, and his striking head rose out of a black satin stock, and has remained fixed in my memory as the embodiment of a prophecy which I cannot fail to think

will some day be realized. Müller Strübing was a constant visitor at Clapham. He also had been a great conspirator, and the scene of his operations was Prussia. What he did was so little to the liking of the authorities, that he was tried and condemned to death. The sentence read out to him was that he should be broken on the wheel; this he did not expect would be enforced, but decapitation. He made up his mind to it with the best grace he could. However, he was reprieved, and, being a person of much learning, was made librarian to the governor of the fortress where he was confined. He eventually escaped to England, where he earned a living by publishing translations of the Greek authors, and by teaching. I had the good fortune to be one of his pupils; he was supposed to teach me Latin, German, mathematics, and ancient mythology. The three first were sadly neglected, but he never wearied of telling me the tales of Greece, or I of listening to them. He knew his Homer, Ovid, and Virgil by heart, and between alternate and copious pinches of snuff, poured forth his rendering of the lays of ancient Greece and Rome, in a manner which made his lessons one of the most pleasurable recollections of my life. I have never been to school, and confess to a profound ignorance

of things that bore me; but I have been most fortunate in the instructors of such desultory learning as I possess. One of these was my dear old friend Manuel Garcia. Teaching singing was his profession, but it never occurred to him even to suggest that I should learn to sing. Chemistry and electricity were the sciences he chose to impart, and the lectures he arranged in his little study in Bentinck Street, with himself behind a table and me as his sole audience in front, would perhaps have not met with unqualified approval by Huxley or Tyndall, but I thought them splendid. Why we were not both killed by electric shocks and evil smells I do not know. M. Garcia was the son of the famous Garcia, the singer, whose name was a household word throughout Europe. Don Manuel, my old friend, never wearied of talking of his father, and of the golden days of singing, when he, Rubini, Pasta, Lablache, Mario, and Grisi, with himself and his two sisters, Mme. Malibran and Mme. Viardot Garcia, formed a galaxy of singers, the like of which was never heard before, and has never been approached since. Manuel Garcia was no pessimist—he took an extraordinary interest in all that went on in the world, in which he lived until he was nearly 102; but certain things were and are no

longer. Other things have taken their places—science, and the progress humanity has made in freedom and in kindliness of man to man and man to beast; but the conditions which produced certain phases in the Arts have passed away. What the conditions are which cause the waves of creative genius to flow over the world from time to time, who can say? Who can account for the mysterious spirit of Music which, dormant for so many centuries, suddenly awoke in the eighteenth in the souls of Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Mozart, and so many others? Why did Gothic architecture in the thirteenth century attain to a perfection which has been the admiration of the world ever since, and then die? It may be that the highest intellects of the world tend to the production of that of which humanity has the greatest need at the time. It may be also—if there is any truth in hypnotic suggestion—that big minds act upon one another; that Pericles and Socrates, standing in the studio of Phidias, would impart into the work of the sculptor more than was innate; that Dante would infuse into Giotto more than Giotto was aware of; and that at all times the sympathy existing between men of genius, however different may be their modes of expression, acts and reacts, and calls forth

the best each has to give, if, indeed, something is not imparted by the contact of mind with mind which otherwise would have never been. If the eighteenth century witnessed the production of the finest musical compositions the world has known, their interpretation and rendering were at the highest in the nineteenth, and the Garcias were, both as artists and teachers, in the forefront. As an instance of the extraordinary power his father had attained to as an executant, Manuel Garcia told me the following anecdote:

They were to sing at San Carlo at Naples for the first time, when the Neapolitan Opera House held the highest place in the estimation of musicians throughout Europe. On the way to the rehearsal old Garcia said to his son: "I will show this com pany which thinks so much of itself that I am not the first comer." "What are you going to do?" said Manuel. "Never mind," said his father; "only listen." The rehearsal began, and everybody pricked up his ears when the famous Garcia began to sing, but what was their astonishment—he was half a tone flat! Neapolitans are not given to concealing their opinions, and expressions of amazement and derision were seen on every face; but presently they realized that they were listening

to an amazing *tour de force*, as an exact half-tone flat was kept up through the whole scena. When a pause came the applause from conductor, orchestra, and chorus was overwhelming. Only a musician will quite understand what will-power, what concentration, it required to maintain a human voice for nearly half an hour in disaccord with a key the ear was receiving from a full orchestra and chorus. Manuel Garcia rarely spoke of his own career on the operatic stage ; he was more fond of anecdotes of the French Revolution, when he and Scribe shouldered muskets together in the Garde Nationale, and of the modest part he took in the Algerian campaign. He borrowed a gun from a soldier, and fired at an Arab ; the Arab was none the worse, but when he restored the gun and was asked for the ramrod he realized that he had fired that off also, and that soldiering was not his forte. It was a great disappointment to him that he had to retire from the stage at an early age. He overstrained his voice, and it broke in the middle of a performance. Everything that medical science could do to get it back was tried, but failed, and it was this disaster that led Garcia to study the anatomy of the throat and discover that great boon to doctors, the laryngoscope. He received a diploma as Doctor

of Medicine for his discovery, and as he could no longer sing himself, he devoted the rest of his life to teaching others to do so. Among his many distinguished pupils was Jenny Lind. He was a most delightful companion—the gentlest, kindest, most courteous creature that ever lived, but full of fire and impetuosity. He who would not hurt a fly had only one remedy for every transgression—the instant putting to death of the offender, and if that was impossible, he scathed them with words of wrath. I well remember one evening at Covent Garden. An unfortunate tenor was not singing as Garcia thought he should, so he stood up in the box and shouted, "Cochon! Animal!" I had to drag him down by his coat-tails and smother him till the end of the scene, or we should have been turned out. There was no end to his sallies and arguments upon everything that occurred in the world, and when, as often happened at my father's house, he, Richard Doyle, and Dr. Gueneau de Mussy found themselves together at dinner, the talk was as witty and amusing as the heart of man could desire. We had a glorious time when his sister, Mme. Viardot Garcia, came with her husband and children and Charles Gounod and Tourguenieff to spend a winter in London. We met almost

every evening, and Gounod and Mme. Viardot would sing and improvise waltzes *à quatre mains* for the rest of us to dance to. One evening there was a charade. The subject was Daphne flying from the advances of Apollo, who rose in the character of the sun behind Mount Olympus. Mme. Viardot was Daphne, Manuel Garcia, with his cheeks puffed out, and the rays of the sun in gilt paper round his head, was Apollo. Tourguenieff, who was very large, was the mountain, and Gounod did the incidental music. It was a performance not to be forgotten!

I must give a short letter I received from Garcia in answer to one of mine congratulating him on one of his many birthdays—he had, including the first, one hundred and two—as a specimen of his style of talk. Here it is:

"Mon cher Charley,

"Certainement vous avez, dû penser; ce chenapan de Garcia à qui on envoie les félicitations et les souhaits de la plus franche amitié, ne vous en sait pas plus gré que si on lui avait expédié de vieilles pantoufles! Que vous seriez dans l'erreur si telles étaient les lucubrations de votre esprit devenu vagabond. Avant mon anniversaire nous

étions tous ici et avant ce jour j'était dans mon lit pour y rester jusqu'à présent.

"Sans être encore en robuste santé je suis assez mieux pour tenir une plume et dire a mon vieil ami Charley que je suis touché de son bon souvenir que j'apprécie par dessus de tout autre, mille et mille amitiés votre ancien M. Garcia."

Apart from all this play, we were very hard workers. I was never given to idleness, and the example of my father and his friends would have made anything but strenuous work a disgrace. My time was principally employed in portrait-painting and an occasional picture, and when I could take a holiday I went to Paris, to my old friend Mottez, or to Italy. I was in Paris when Victor Noir was killed by Prince Napoleon, and saw the procession, headed by Rochefort, who was then all-powerful, returning from the funeral of the victim. Everyone expected there would be a revolution, and if Rochefort had kept his nerve and led his 100,000 men to the Tuileries, the end of the Empire might have come that day instead of a few years later. I was there again immediately after the Commune, when the ruins of the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Ville, and so many other splendid build-

ings, were still smoking, That the Louvre and its treasures had escaped the mob was due to Dalou, the sculptor. He accepted office under the Commune mainly to safeguard the artistic treasures of Paris, and it is owing to his vigilance, care, and precautions that they escaped destruction. It seemed a poor reward that he had to fly to London to escape being shot as a Communist, but it was only for a few years, and he returned to Paris to receive all the honours his great talent deserved. I also, whenever my funds allowed me, went to Italy for a few months, either to Venice or Florence. In Florence I spent a few weeks in the studio of a remarkable picture-restorer of the name of Tricca. There was not a secret of painting in oil or tempera which he did not know. He took the greatest pains in his preparations of mediums and varnishes, panels and canvases, and his restorations of old pictures, and imitations of the Florentine Masters, would deceive the greatest experts. I had a practical proof of his skill when I was with him. Going very early one morning into a church near Florence, he noticed a beautiful head in a painting by Raphael, which, when the sun was high on the horizon, was in shadow, and hardly visible. He took an old panel, and made a very careful copy of this head,

working from four to six every morning, and when it was finished he put it into the old curiosity shop of a friend of his and waited developments. Some ten days afterwards he was requested to attend a meeting at the Academy of St. Luke to give his opinion on a picture which was considered to be an important discovery of an unknown Raphael. It was his own picture! and after a bit he informed them of the fact. Of course, he was not believed; he was told that even he, clever as he was at fakes, could not have done that, and it was only when he scraped away part of the paint and revealed the name Tricca on the panel that he convinced the assembled experts of their mistake.

It was during this visit to Florence that I saw a good deal of Mlle. Ramée ("Ouida"), or rather, as I was in the opposite camp, of the gentleman who, much against his inclination, she was trying to marry. The story is so well known that there is no indiscretion in my giving the version of the tale as I understood it.

The Marchese della Stufa belonged, like many other Florentine nobles, to the company of the Misericordia. It was part of his work when on duty to carry the sick to the hospitals, and take his turn at nursing. "Ouida's" mother fell ill, and

Stufa, as it happened, was one of the men into whose charge she fell, and who did his duty to her as he would have done to anyone else. This "Ouida" did not understand, and she mistook his duty to the society as personal devotion to herself. She maintained that he had offered her marriage, and registered a vow that she would never leave Florence except as his wife. Stufa was a kindly, courteous man, with the caressing manner so many Italians have, and he may have let himself render little acts of courtesy easily misunderstood by a foreigner, but he stoutly maintained that there was nothing else, and resolutely refused to be led to the altar. All Florence made it its business to take part in the controversy, some for Stufa, some for "Ouida." I was in the Stufa faction, and one evening was with him, Count Palagi, and several others; they were twanging guitars, singing, drinking lemonade, and very happy, when suddenly the door opened, and the servant, who had been sent to post a letter, rushed in and announced that the Signora "Ouida" was walking about in front of the house on the Lung' Arno with a pistol wherewith to shoot the Signor Marchese. The Signor Marchese did not like it at all, and after excited discussion it was decided that I should go out and reconnoitre.

I did not fancy the job, as I reflected that an excited literary lady out on the shoot by moonlight might not be too particular in her quarry. However, I went, and there sure enough was "Ouida." I must confess I saw no sign of a lethal weapon, but when I returned and made my report it was decided that it would be wiser to be on the safe side. There was no back door to the house, but from the first floor it was an easy drop to a side street, so we tied some sheets together, and Stufa—the Marchese Lotaringo della Stufa, descended from Lothair, King of France—descended on this occasion to safety from the clutches of an angry woman!

It was either on this or a previous visit to Florence that I made the acquaintance of a singular individual of the name of Kirkup. He was an Englishman who had lived in Italy so long that he had become thoroughly Italianized. I believe that he originally went to Florence with Byron and never left it again. He maintained that he was on intimate terms with another great poet—to wit, Dante. He was a very old man when I knew him, but still he did not pretend to have been alive in the thirteenth century. His contention was that Dante's spirit used to come

constantly to visit him, and whether he was quite in his right mind or not I cannot say, but he evidently believed in the reality of these apparitions. His home was a weird place to go to; he lived over one of the shops on the Ponte Vecchio in a large room which seemed to serve the purpose of kitchen, sitting-room, and bedroom, and there he was generally to be found living higgledy-piggledy with women, children, and animals, and, if he was to be believed, Dante's spirit.

I met Trelawny shortly afterwards, when he was sitting to Millais for the "North-West Passage"—he was the old sailor in the picture—and I would gladly have asked him about Kirkup, whom he must have known, as they were both on such intimate terms with Byron, but I had not the opportunity.

CHAPTER V

In the summer of 1874 I paid a visit to Russia under somewhat curious conditions. I was working one day in my studio when Mrs. Higgins—the widow of "Jacob Omnium"—came to see me. She told me that she had come on behalf of the Baroness Meyer de Rothschild to ask if I would paint a portrait of Baron Meyer. I told her that I should be delighted to do so, but that I was somewhat surprised at the order, as his portrait had been so recently painted by Watts; also, the Baron was no longer alive. She proceeded to explain what the Baroness really wanted. In 1851, when on their honeymoon, she and her husband had visited The Hague, and in the private collection of the King of Holland had seen a picture by Rubens, in which was a head which very closely resembled the Baron as he was then. The collection of the King of Holland had been sold, and from inquiries made it was ascertained that this picture had been bought on behalf of the Emperor of Russia. When the

Emperor of Russia visited London in the summer of 1873, the Baroness asked him if he very much wished to keep the picture, as if not she would gladly become its owner. The Emperor told her that he could not sell or give the picture, but that he would willingly allow a copy to be made. I had known Baron Meyer very well, as I was constantly in his house, and Mrs. Higgins explained that for this reason I had been selected to make the copy, as I could insist on the points which gave the resemblance, and possibly paint a portrait which would fairly represent Baron Meyer as a young man. It was an interesting task, and the prospect of visiting Russia fascinated me; so I set off early in August, and after a few days at Berlin reached St. Petersburg. On my arrival I went to dine with Lord Augustus Loftus, the British Ambassador, who told me that instructions had been given by the Emperor himself that I should receive every facility for my work when I went to the Hermitage. Next day I saw the Director of the Museum, but soon perceived that there was something wrong. He told me he had no knowledge of any such picture by Rubens as the one I described, or of any canvas bearing the title of "The Tribute Money." I searched the galleries myself

to see if there was any head the least like Baron Meyer, but there was nothing. I wrote to London to ask what I was to do next, and meanwhile was very kindly entertained by Maurice Marochetti, the son of my old friend, who, in the absence of his chief, was then acting as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. I had also received a letter of introduction from Colonel Labalmondière for General Prince Trepoff, the Governor of St. Petersburg—it was he who was assassinated the following year—so I had no experience of the troubles visitors are supposed to suffer at the hands of the Russian police—troubles, I believe, which mostly exist in the imagination of the writers. A telegram came for me in due course from London, saying, "Try Moscow." So to Moscow I went, with the same result—many interesting and beautiful things, but no Rubens like the one described. Again I wrote to the Baroness, and while waiting for her reply, visited the fair at Nijni Novgorod, a most curious sight, as it is the great fair on the border-line of Europe and Asia to which the Orientals bring their wares. Each nation has its own quarter, and the architecture of their shanties as closely resembles the architecture of their houses as they can manage. They also, of course, retain their national dresses,

so in an hour's stroll you can visit China, Japan, Persia, Tartary, India, and Thibet, without the trouble of going to these far-distant lands. There was also much to be seen in Moscow itself: the Kremlin is of rare beauty, and the collections in the palace, especially of old Tartar arms and armour, would alone repay a visit to Russia. I have often wondered why so few people visit the country. Travelling is very luxurious and comfortable, the inns are excellent, the people pleasant to get on with, there is much of surpassing interest to be seen, and the chance of being sent to Siberia is almost nil if you behave yourself—yet how few people go to Russia! I do not think that I met a single so-called tourist during the six weeks I spent there.

My next telegram from Baroness Meyer was to the effect that she was afraid she had sent me on a hopeless quest, and that I had better return to London, but would I try Vienna and Paris on my way back?

Mrs. Higgins had told me the day she came to see me that she understood the picture had been bought by Prince Demidoff for the Emperor, and as I knew that Demidoff was himself a great collector of pictures, it occurred to me that there

had probably been some mistake, and that he had bought the picture for his own gallery and not for the Imperial collection. I knew the Prince, as I had met him in Venice; so I wrote and told him my story, and asked him if he had the picture. He replied at once that he did not know whether he possessed it or not, but that he had written to his intendant at San Donato, near Florence, to inquire if it was in his collection there. Meanwhile, until the answer came, would I pay him a visit at Kief, of which town and province he was the Governor. Kief was not much out of the way on a journey from Moscow to Vienna, so I gladly accepted the invitation, and was very fortunate in getting there in time for the festivities in honour of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, August 15 (old style). Kief is the holy city of Russia, and the Assumption the great feast of the year. The town swarmed with people in their best holiday dresses: the men in white blouses, red breeches, and high boots, and the women very much the same, only that they wore petticoats instead of breeches, and much jewellery. They spent the time from early morning in forming themselves into processions and visiting the churches. In one of them I noticed a figure dressed entirely in white,

as a bride might be to-day, with a white veil over her face, lying on a couch raised on a platform. As the people passed they all bent down and kissed her feet. I asked who the lady was who was receiving this attention, and was informed that she was St. Barbara, who had been martyred for her faith by her father in the fourth century. There are some subterranean caverns near Kief which have the property of arresting decay, and to them St. Barbara had been conveyed, and her body, perfectly preserved, was brought out for two or three hours every August 15 to receive the homage of the people. I afterwards visited these catacombs, and saw many bodies, lying on shelves cut in the rock, which showed hardly any signs of decay, though some had been dead for many hundred years.

The principal monastery, and the one most reputed for sanctity in Russia, is at Kief, and to this the Lords Abbot of the other monasteries, who never leave their establishments on any other day in the year, are bidden to dinner on August 15. I had the rare good fortune to be taken by Prince Demidoff to this banquet. He and I were the only laymen; the rest of the company consisted entirely of Abbots. They were mostly old men with long, flowing white hair and beards, dressed in black

silk soutanes, the only touches of colour being the ribbons of the different orders of knighthood they had received from the Emperor, and the flash of the jewels in their stars and other badges. It was a picturesque and interesting assembly, and if I felt somewhat out of place there, I consoled myself by doing full justice to the dinner, which was excellent, and at which I for the first time tasted green caviare—caviare taken from a sturgeon on the day it is killed—and which in delicacy of flavour is infinitely superior to the black salted caviare one gets in England.

I had my paint-box with me, and made many sketches of Kief and the neighbourhood. What particularly struck me were the gilt domes of the monasteries rising out of dense masses of foliage, with the Dnieper and its rocky banks in the foreground. There was much to be done, and I was quite sorry when an answer came from San Donato that the Rubens was not there, and I had to say good-bye to my kind host. My only troubles in travelling took place on my journey from Kief to Cracow. I knew there was a station at which I ought to change, or I would be taken to Odessa; but when I got to the place which I thought was most likely to be the junction, I could not read the

name of the station, as it was written in Russian characters. None of the employés spoke anything but Russian, so I had to walk down the whole length of the train and ask at each window in English, French, German, and Italian if any kind person spoke one of those languages and would help me. Fortunately, I found somebody who spoke German, and though my knowledge of my father's tongue is very limited, I gathered that this was in effect the place where I had to get out and wait for the next train. This was not my only trouble. Princess Demidoff had asked me to take a large loaf of Russian black bread to her mother at Vienna; it was a round loaf about 15 inches in diameter, and although I did not think it looked very appetizing, the Custom-House officials all along the line thought differently. I suppose they wanted to eat it themselves, as I had the greatest trouble in getting it through, and had to tell them I had brought it with me in case I felt hungry on the journey. As ill-luck would have it, I had bought at Kief a large silver punch-bowl of genuine Empire workmanship, probably lost in the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow. This was about the same size as the loaf, and could not be concealed, and, I was told, was liable to heavy duty.

However, I got out of it by explaining that I was rather fastidious, and did not care to wash in anything but a silver basin, and that the thing in dispute was a domestic utensil in constant personal use, and not, therefore, liable to duty. I had no authority for telling them all this, but audacity often succeeds, and it succeeded on this occasion, as I got through to Vienna without paying anything either on my loaf or my bowl.

I saw all the sights of Vienna, and not only heard the Hungarian gipsies play, but saw them dance; but no trace did I find of the Rubens. After a few days I started for Paris. I was alone in the carriage, and the train was just starting, about ten o'clock in the evening, when the door opened, and a charming little French lady with her maid got in. We became very good friends, and she told me she was the owner of the Grand Magazin du Louvre, and had been to Vienna on business. She gave me some curious details of what went on in Paris during the suppression of the Commune. She went back to her office directly the Versailles troops had made it safe, and her window looked out on to the wall against which insurgents were placed to be shot. She told me that at first it impressed her most painfully to see these executions, but that

after a few days she hardly looked up from her desk when the roll of drums announced what was to take place. She told me that she saw many people shot—men, women, and almost children—but never once did she see any one of them show the slightest fear, or even dissatisfaction, at their fate. People evidently, at a time of great excitement like that, lose all their normal sensations. A friend of mine told me that he was in the studio of an artist when it was visited by a detachment of soldiers. The usual question about the possession of arms was asked, and answered in the negative; but one of the soldiers found a gun in a corner of the studio, and on his evidence the owner was told he must come out and be shot. My friend was very fond of him, so he asked to be allowed to see the gun. It was given to him, and, with the help of a pencil, he passed his handkerchief a few inches down the barrel, and brought it out brown with rust. He pointed out that if the gun had been used the inside of the barrel must have been black with powder, and not brown with rust, so the artist was let off. My friend asked him why he had not himself suggested this simple test, and all the answer he got was: "Oh! they bored me. I would rather any day be shot than bored."

In Paris I went carefully through the collections in the Louvre, and in the upper galleries, rarely visited, I found a Rubens painting bearing the title of "The Tribute Money," but not in any other way answering to the description of the picture given me. I returned to London, and made my report to the Baroness. She told me she supposed we must give it up, but I was too much interested in the search to do so, and tried to find it on other lines. I went to see Mrs. Lecky, whom I knew to be a personal friend of the Queen of Holland, and told her all about it. She wrote to the Queen, and a few days afterwards received from Her Majesty her own copy of the sale catalogue, in which she had made notes of the people to whom the pictures had been sold. I found that a Rubens called "Christ's Charge to Peter," and not "The Tribute Money" at all, had been sold to some French dealers who, to my knowledge, often acted as agents for the Marquess of Hertford. I looked up a catalogue of the Bethnal Green Museum, and there was the picture. It had since been moved to Manchester Square, to what is now the Wallace Collection, and on going to see it I found that it was the picture I had been looking for. I lived at the time at

my father's house in Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square, so that on my drive to Victoria Station to go round Europe to find a picture, I had passed it a few minutes after I left home. However, if I had known it was there, I should have missed a very interesting journey, and I had another experience of the blissfulness of ignorance.

CHAPTER VI

1875 was altogether rather an eventful year in my life, as in the autumn I went on a visit of a few weeks to Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay at Balcarres in Fife, with far-reaching results. One day I was talking with Sir Coutts, who is a painter himself, and much interested in all matters of Art, of the very unsatisfactory conditions under which pictures were exhibited in London, the juxtaposition and crowding together of ill-assorted canvases, the humiliation to which sensitive artists were exposed by having to submit their work to the judgment of men in nowise better painters than themselves, and of the many other annoyances incidental to exhibition at the Royal Academy which kept many men away from exhibiting altogether. I mentioned Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and several other men whose works were rarely seen, and what a pity it was. Sir Coutts quite agreed with me, but told me that we were all too busy shooting partridges in the day, and arranging tableaux and charades in

the evening, to go into the question there, but that he would come and see me about it when we were back in London for the winter. I did not expect that he would think more on the subject, but he did. He came to see me, and told me that if I would talk the matter over with some of the men I had mentioned, and if I found them willing to join him in taking a gallery for an exhibition, he would guarantee £100 towards the rent. I did talk it over with Burne-Jones and two or three other men, and they authorized me to tell Sir Coutts that they would willingly exhibit their pictures under the conditions suggested, but that they could not themselves contribute any money towards the rent of a gallery. Sir Coutts then decided that he would take the risk of rent and other expenses on himself, and we at once began to look about for a suitable gallery. That, in the year 1876, was not an easy thing to find. Galleries did not exist then in the profusion they do now. The Dudley was too small; the present Marlborough Gallery was occupied. There only remained the galleries round the Aquarium at Westminster, which at one moment Sir Coutts thought of taking. They were not really what he wanted, and one day he drove up to my door and told me that he was going to take the

Photo: Julia Cameron.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, BART.

To face p. 199.

bull by the horns, and build a gallery. He asked me to get into his cab, and he would show me the place, and if I thought the site a good one he would come to terms with the Duke of Westminster, upon whose property it was, and begin building at once.

We drove to Bond Street, and at the back of some houses on the left-hand side, near Grosvenor Street, were some storehouses only one floor high, in which Pratt, the dealer in old furniture, armour, etc., kept his goods. Pratt was retiring from business, and had told Sir Coutts, with whom he had had many dealings, that the site was to be had. It was an admirable situation, and ran north and south, which was a great advantage for a picture-gallery, and after we had been all over it again, Sir Coutts went to the Westminster Estate Office, and agreed to take it. The next thing was to find an architect and a builder. The architect was a young man named Sams, with talent of his own, and a ready comprehension of what Sir Coutts wished to have done. The builders were Messrs. Bywater, and very well, expeditiously, and solidly did they carry out their work. Building operations were commenced, but presently our troubles began. Sir Coutts had not much faith in the commercial success of his venture, and as he did not wish to lose more

money than he could help, he resolved to build a restaurant on the ground floor and a picture-gallery above it, hoping that the restaurant would indemnify him for what he expected to lose on the gallery. As it turned out eventually, all the money made by the gallery was swallowed up by the restaurant and the enormous expenses entailed by raising the building above the ground-floor level of Pratt's workshops. All the houses in Bond Street overlooking our site threw out boards with "Ancient Lights" inscribed thereon in bold and most provoking characters. There is no question that we did interfere with their rights, and injunctions were received every day. To settle the matter and be able to proceed, Sir Coutts had to buy most of the houses in the block, and though doing so was not an unprofitable investment, the £100 he had promised a few months previously towards the rent of a gallery had risen to something like £150,000 before his own gallery was completed. He gave it the name of the Grosvenor Gallery, and found a doorway for it in the façade of the Church of Santa Lucia in Venice. The church had been pulled down, and Mr. G. Cavendish Bentinck, who was in Venice at the time, recognized that it was a good example of Palladio's work, and bought it.

It was from him that Sir Coutts acquired it, and Sams, the architect, worked it into the general scheme of the building in a very effective manner. Sams was not only a good architect, he was a shrewd man of business. One Saturday he was in court for the hearing of an injunction to stop the building of the south wall of the Grosvenor Gallery, of which the scaffolding had just been erected. The case came on rather late, and the magistrate, who wanted to go home, said that, being Saturday, it would be quite safe to put off the hearing of the case until Monday. Sams thought differently, but said nothing. He engaged a lot of workmen to go to the gallery on Sunday; he kept them there all day, and when the clock struck twelve on Sunday night they began to build, and being mostly Irishmen, who enjoyed the joke, they even built the wall a foot higher than was intended. I had been dining in Grosvenor Square that evening, and went round to see the fun. The people who had applied for an injunction, when they looked out of their windows on Monday morning, saw a wall where no wall had been on Saturday night, and went off in a rage to the magistrate to ask, How about their injunction? The magistrate was much amused. He said he might possibly have had to grant an injunction to

restrain us from building the wall until the case had been argued, but the wall being there put another aspect on the case, and he could not order it to be pulled down, and could only refer the matter to arbitration in some other court which was not then sitting.

My time, meanwhile, when I could tear myself away from the fascinations of the building operations in Bond Street, was spent in calling upon the artists to whom invitations to exhibit had been addressed, and explaining to them what the general lines of the scheme were. When they accepted Sir Coutts's proposals, and agreed to contribute pictures, I next obtained from them the subjects and sizes of their works. I cut them out to scale on bits of cardboard, and in the evenings Sir Coutts, Lady Lindsay, and I would fix them on to plans of the walls, and in this way had the first exhibition practically all settled, even to the hanging, weeks before the gallery was ready. Some of the painters fell in with the scheme at once. Burne-Jones and Watts promised works of very great beauty and interest, including "The Days of Creation," "Venus's Mirror," and "Beguiling of Merlin" by Burne-Jones, and "Love and Death" and portraits of the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, Lady

Lindsay, and Burne-Jones by Watts. Other prominent exhibitors were Millais, Alma Tadema, Holman Hunt, Poynter, Whistler, Richmond, Crane, Albert Moore, Spencer Stanhope, R. Doyle, and the foreigners Legros, Gustave Moreau, Heilbuth, Tissot, and Paul Dubois. There were two notable absentees whom I much regretted—Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown. Rossetti I had known for many years, and we were very good friends, but I never got at his real reason for declining Sir Coutts's invitation. He put forward some conventional excuses in a very courteous letter he wrote me when he had finally decided on the course he should take, but why he took this course he never told me, though I saw him several times on the subject. My impression is that being in failing health at the time, and very sensitive to criticism, he saw no reason for exposing his works to the storm of abuse they were sure to meet with; and having a very sure and safe market for his pictures in a private *clientèle*, he had absolutely nothing to gain by public exhibition. I told him that Burne-Jones would probably meet with the same reception—which he did; but Burne-Jones was a younger man, in better health, and had also acquired the excellent habit of never reading a word of criticism. Anyhow,

Rossetti elected to end his days in peace and quiet, and keep his pictures away from the mud the critics were prepared and anxious to throw ; and who shall blame him ?

With Ford Madox Brown the case was different. I went to see him, but unfortunately he had heard all about the scheme before we met. He was very angry indeed that he had not been almost the first to be consulted. He told me that he was an older man, and of longer standing in the Art world than some of the men we had approached before we came to him, and that in consequence he would have nothing to do with us. He actually cried with vexation at the imagined slight, and though I did my best to make things right, I quite failed to do so, and was sincerely glad when the interview was over and I found myself out in the street again. I was very sorry indeed that we failed to secure these two artists, and I suppose I must take the blame upon myself for having lost Madox Brown ; but I hardly knew him personally, whilst Watts, Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Millais, and Hunt were old and intimate friends of my father's as well as of my own, and it was only natural that I should speak to them first, and obtain their adhesion to the project before going farther afield. However, it was

a lesson on the sensitive nature of painters, and how warily they must be dealt with, which was not lost upon us. All our negotiations were most admirably seconded by Lady Lindsay, who has a keen sympathy for Art of all kinds, and its exponents. She herself holds a distinguished place in literature, music, and painting, and all artists and writers are sure not only of a friendly welcome under her roof, but of an appreciation and judicious criticism which is even more to their liking. At her dinner-parties during the winter of 1876-77 two or three painters or sculptors were included almost every week. The choice of these guests was often left to me, and brought me once or twice into extreme disfavour with an important personage—the butler Gates. This functionary was what the French call extremely correct, and entirely disapproved of some of the coats, and fashions in hair, he saw introduced at his dinner-table ; still did he bear all "with a patient shrug." But one evening he broke down. I was having a cigarette with Sir Coutts in his dressing-room before dinner when a knock came at the door, and Gates informed us that one gentleman had arrived without a tie, and had stuck a feather in his hair. "That's all right," I said ; "that's Whistler!" And Whistler it was.

White ties he had discarded, as he looked upon them as the badge of the Philistine; but the thing in his head was not a feather, it was his own well-known lock of white hair.

Another part of my work was to prepare the mind of the great British public for the artistic treat in store for it in the spring. Tom Taylor, George Redford, and Comyns-Carr, whose acquaintance I made at this time, used their pens with great effect, and I wrote a good many articles myself. I also tried to contradict certain statements that had got about, but the futility of attempting to put people right when they had got an erroneous idea into their heads was borne in upon me then, and has been confirmed by subsequent experience. The contradiction of a statement is of very little use; people see the statement, and possibly do not see the contradiction, or if they do, they do not believe it. I had a striking instance of this. A man at a dinner-party said something about the scheme of the Grosvenor Gallery which was quite at variance with the facts. I ventured politely to put him right, but he assured me that what he had said was correct, as he had seen it that morning in the *Daily* ——. I told him that I had myself written the article he was quoting, and he

did not doubt me, but it made very little difference. He had seen in print in his favourite newspaper—or thought he had—something that impressed itself on his mind, and any interference with the received impression was only an annoyance to be got rid of as soon as possible. The report which had most persistently got about, and which to this day I have failed to eradicate, was that the Grosvenor had been founded in opposition to the Royal Academy. There was never any such idea in Sir Coutts's mind; he was on the best of terms with Sir Francis Grant, the President, and with Watts, Millais, Leighton, Poynter, and several other members of the Academy whose works were included in the exhibition at the Grosvenor from the first. There was no idea of fighting anybody or anything. The fundamental idea was to give pictures during their brief public life a fair chance of being seen at their best. A picture is, or is supposed to be, a beautiful decorative object. In old days, when architects had finished their work, painters were called in to enhance the beauty of churches and palaces. Their works were not regarded merely as specimens of certain schools or manners of painting, to be ranged in museums or picture-galleries, much as an entomologist might arrange his butterflies in the drawers

of his cabinet. It was to maintain this decorative value of pictures that Sir Coutts built and furnished his gallery in a sumptuous manner, and had the pictures arranged for public exhibition as nearly as possible as though they formed the decoration of the walls of the house he lived in, and could live in with pleasure. Would any sane person elect to spend twenty-four hours in an ordinary exhibition-room of modern pictures, where the works are plastered together from floor to ceiling as tightly as the frames can be made to fit, and form a jumble of colour, style, and subject as distressing to the eye as to the brain? It has been my endeavour both at the Grosvenor and New Galleries, in so far as I have had the hanging of the pictures for the last thirty-three years, to try in the first instance to make the walls look beautiful. Symmetrical hanging, and carefully contrasted tones of colour, give a good general impression, which is of the utmost value, and from which each individual picture derives benefit. I do not think I ever heard an artist say that he thought his picture looked less well at one of our exhibitions than it did in his studio; often I have heard the remark that it looked better—a remark which I am afraid has never echoed in the halls at Burlington House or elsewhere.

The first exhibition at the Grosvenor was opened to the public on May 1, 1877, and fully responded to all our hopes and anticipations. Of course, it raised a storm of vituperation and ridicule. Burne-Jones especially was the butt of cheap wit and satire. The groundlings of the Press who shot their arrows at us I did not mind at all, but I always regretted that Gilbert with his "greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery," and Du Maurier with his Postlethwaite, did so much to bring contempt on the æsthetic movement of the seventies which was founded on a cult of the beautiful, and might have led to a real revival of taste had it not been ridiculed out of existence. Oscar Wilde also did us much harm, as he posed as the embodiment of the æsthetic idea, and his repulsive appearance and tedious paradoxes made sensible people weary of the whole thing before they realized what it meant. Wilde was not in the original conception of the Grosvenor, and it was excessively tiresome to have him constantly thrown in one's teeth as its representative.

An inaugural banquet was given in the restaurant below the gallery on the evening before the opening, and it was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, as His Majesty King Edward and Queen

Alexandra then were, and several other members of the Royal Family. It was a great success, but gave us a deal of trouble in settling who was to take in who. The matter was entrusted to Arthur Sullivan and me, and we spent days poring over peerages and finding out dates of creation of the various titles of nobility, so that no one should take the wrong person in to dinner or go in before his turn. Hanging the pictures upstairs was far less bother.

The attendance at the first exhibition was very good, and everything looked prosperous except the restaurant. That was not our line at all, and I think Sir Coutts began very soon to regret it. I was with him when his eyes were first opened as to the sort of job he had undertaken. We went to a china shop to order some plates—plain white plates marked with the Lindsay crest and "Grosvenor Gallery Restaurant." He explained to the head of the firm what he wanted, and consulted him as to the number of plates he had better order. "I think, Sir Coutts, that six hundred dozen will do to start with." Six hundred dozen plates! And everything else on a similar scale. I was thankful that my department was not in the kitchen, and that we did not have to deal with pictures or statues

by the six hundred dozen upstairs. It came to something very like this, though, at our first winter exhibition, when we decided to show Early English water-colour paintings and drawings by the Old Masters. Carr came to help me, and we made out a list of the works we wanted, never anticipating that we should get anything like the number we asked for. In those days people were much more willing to lend than they are now, and we not only obtained the pictures and drawings we knew of, but many unexpected treasures as well. Richard Doyle went to stay at Chatsworth that autumn, and I asked him to look about in the house and see if he came across any Old Master drawings. He found some beautiful things—Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Leonardos, hanging about in dirty frames in corridors and most unexpected places. The Duke of Devonshire did not know that he possessed them, and gave Doyle permission to send us anything he liked. Lord Warwick also let me take away a portfolio full of priceless drawings from Warwick Castle, and they poured in upon us from every side. Most of them had to be framed as well as hung, and, what was more difficult, the subject of the drawing and the name of the artist had very often to be found. The arrangement of the exhibition

was the hardest piece of work I have ever had; more than once Carr and I were kept there from 9 a.m. one morning to 4 or 5 a.m. the next, never sitting down to a meal, but keeping ourselves going on sandwiches. But it was a very interesting collection when completed, especially the Old Master section; I am afraid the Early English water-colour never appealed to me.

In the spring of 1878 Sir Coutts and I went the round of the studios to see what we could get for the second exhibition. This time we did it on horseback, and the weather being fine, it was very good fun, especially as we again brought together a fine collection. To my great regret I was not able to assist at the arrangement of the exhibition, as I broke down in health in April, and when sufficiently well again to get about was sent abroad. Carr at this time joined the Grosvenor officially as my colleague, and helped Sir Coutts in the hanging of the pictures. I fortunately sold mine—"The Rain Cloud"—to Lord Brassey for a substantial sum, so, being provided with the wherewithal, I treated myself to a sea journey. I took ship at Southampton to Port Said, and then changed into an Austrian Lloyd, which coasted along Asia Minor to Constantinople. I do not know any experience

more delightful than cruising about among the Greek islands in the height of summer; the feel of the air and the colour of sea, sky, and land is quite different from anything one gets farther West. The quality of light in the East in midsummer makes everything beautiful—at least, I thought so—but I do not think that anyone could deny the beauty of Rhodes, Mitylene, Smyrna, or Cyprus. The war between Russia and Turkey was just drawing to a conclusion; the Russian forces were not far from Constantinople; and at Malta I saw the Indian troops Lord Beaconsfield had sent for. At Jaffa we took on board some 300 Syrian shepherds as recruits for the Turkish army. I noticed that as they came up the side of the ship their knives and other weapons were taken from them. The next evening I had gone down to my cabin to fetch a book, when the doctor, an Italian, came in, and said he had been sent by the captain to ask if I had any arms. I supposed that it was the rule on board not to retain any weapons, so I produced a revolver, and offered to give it up. I was told that I quite misunderstood the captain's request, and that I was to go on deck with what firearms and cartridges I possessed, as there was likely to be trouble. When I got on to the bridge, I found the

captain with a Winchester repeater, the doctor with a rifle, the engineer, a Scotchman, with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and the mate also armed. In all we were five, and on a raised deck in the bows of the vessel were the recruits, dancing and singing. They were all dressed alike in white shirts, with bare arms and legs, and were clapping their hands above their heads as they stood in a circle, and dancing without changing their places. In the middle of the circle was one who was singing at the top of his voice, and capering about in the wildest fashion as he approached first one and then another of his companions. The sun was going down, and in the distance was Mount Olympus on Cyprus, and beyond, the coast of Asia Minor. It was a weird and beautiful sight, and I asked where the trouble came in. The captain told me that the song and dance were of a singularly improper character, that he had seen and heard it once before, and the performers grew so excited that they lost their heads and made a rush for him and his crew, and that they had to fight for their lives. We should have had a poor chance—5 against 300—and if they had thrown us overboard they could easily have run the vessel ashore and gone back to their mountains, instead of going into the Turkish

army. However, they settled down after a time, and went off to sleep. Possibly the knowledge that the captain was ready for them may have helped to pacify them. Anyhow, the taste, and not the substance, of adventure was quite enough for me, and a few days afterwards we reached Constantinople, and got rid of our picturesque but unpleasant passengers. Constantinople is an interesting place, and the Church of St. Sophia one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, but the heat, dust, and bustle of the place in July were not very good for me, and I was glad to move to Therapia and to the cool gardens of the British Embassy, where I had a most kind reception from Sir Henry and Lady Layard.

I returned to England by way of Corfu, Trieste, and Venice, where I met my father and sisters, and got back to London in time to make arrangements for our second winter exhibition, which was, in some ways, a repetition of the first, except that the water-colours were of a later period, and the drawings were mostly by Old Masters, but included a series of studies by J. D. Ingres. I went over to Paris to try and obtain these Ingres drawings, and was very successful, as I brought back over a hundred. I knew where to go for them, through

my old friends Mottez, Stürler, and Amaury Duval, without whose help I should have got nothing, as French people are much more chary of lending than English. One notable exception to this rule I found in M. Reiset, the Director of the Louvre. I called upon him without any introduction, but after about half an hour's talk he found a portfolio, into which he put not only some splendid Ingres drawings, but several Early Italian drawings of the greatest beauty, and told me I might take them away. I pointed out to him that he knew nothing at all about me, and that he surely could not intend me to march out of the place with these priceless treasures under my arm. His reply was that the drawings were his private property, and did not belong to the Museum, that he could do as he liked, and that I had *une figure honnête*. I persuaded him to let me make a schedule of the things he was lending, and give him a formal receipt, but it was with reluctance that he consented.

CHAPTER VII

Our summer exhibitions succeeded one another, and maintained their interest not only for the noticeable works contributed by Watts, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, and other veterans, but for pictures by artists who for the first time received the attention they merited on the walls of the Grosvenor. One of the most remarkable of these was Cecil Lawson, the landscape painter, whose pictures "The Minister's Garden" and "Hop Fields in Kent" obtained instant recognition, and established his reputation. Some amusing incidents occurred from time to time. Sir Coutts and I generally went round the studios in March, sometimes on horseback, sometimes driving, and picked up many good things. Leighton, who by this time was President of the Royal Academy, watched our proceedings with disfavour; so he also mounted his nag, and cantered round the studios. One day an artist whose picture we had secured a few days previously came to see me. He told

me that shortly after we had been to see him Leighton had arrived; he had been very much struck by the picture promised to the Grosvenor, and regretted that it was not going to the Academy. He said that not only would it be sure of a good place, but that it would also in all probability lead to the young artist's election as an Associate. I saw what was wanted, so I told him that I was sure Sir Coutts would not stand between him and a chance of election into the academical body, and I would ask him to relieve the artist of his promise. This Sir Coutts at once did; the picture was sent to the Academy, and not hung at all. Leighton's horse, after this episode, spent more time in his stable.

We had to make a very hard-and-fast rule not to hang works which had been sent to the Academy and not placed there. The press was very anxious to be able to say that the Grosvenor was the receptacle of rejected pictures; also we did not want men to take the double chance — sending their pictures to the Academy first and then to the Grosvenor if they failed to get into Burlington House. Exceptions to this rule were very rare, and the first, and almost the only one, was in favour of young Browning, who had spent a long time

and a good deal of money on a life-size bronze figure of Dryope. His father, Robert Browning, was very proud of it, and of what his son had done; but one day he came to tell me, with a very sad face, that Pen's statue had been sent to the Academy, and had not been accepted. He asked me if there was any chance of the Grosvenor rule being set aside, and for a moment I hesitated to reply, as everybody knew about his statue; but on looking up, I saw two tears rolling down Browning's cheeks. I said: "This will never do. I will go and see Sir Coutts at once. Wait here till I come back." In a quarter of an hour I was back with the only answer Sir Coutts was sure to make, and the man, who was as affectionate as a father as he was great as a poet, went on his way consoled.

The private views of the Grosvenor in the seventies, when the æsthetic craze was at its height, presented sometimes the funniest aspect; long, lanky ladies and weird-looking men would jostle against people in the height of the then fashion.

Occasionally there was trouble. I shall never forget the day Lord —— saw his own portrait by Holl hanging on our walls. He was going round the exhibition in a Bath chair, and when he caught sight of his own presentment he flared up like a

bull at the sight of a red flag. He had a crutch-handled ebony stick in his hand, which he flourished in the air, telling his man at the same time to wheel his chair up to the picture, as he wanted to smash it. It was really an admirable picture, and though covered with glass, would, I knew, be ruined if his lordship got at it; so I made a sign to the chair-man to hold back for a minute, and fortunately soon found Sir Coutts, who was able to pacify the old gentleman, and wheeled him away from the offending canvas. Varnishing days also very often gave occasion for amusing incidents. I noticed the extreme divergence of opinion as to the merits of a picture—between the views of the artist who had painted it and the estimation in which it was held by the artist who merely looked at it. On one of our varnishing days a full-length portrait of a lady in a pink satin gown had been taken down from its place on the wall to be varnished. The artist, having finished his work, packed up his things; but before he left the gallery he stood for a moment in front of his canvas, and with his chin resting on his hand, I heard him say: "I must say this is a damned good picture." He departed. A few minutes later another painter, a well-known member of the Academy, happened to pass on his

way out, and he also stood in front of the picture in identically the same attitude, and remarked: "I must say this is a damned bad picture!" Which of the two was right—who shall say? I have often wondered how it is that men who are keen observers and good and fair critics of pictures in general are so often entirely blind to the merit or demerit of their own work. There is something in the act of production which stultifies them; they know what they want to say, and think that they have said it, their intention filling up the blanks requisite for a proper understanding on the part of a third person. I always feel when I look at a picture, however little I may like it, that the man who painted it must have thought that it was worth painting, and in that particular manner, or he would not have done it; and if he is a conscientious man who has learnt his business, the chances are quite equal that he may be right and I wrong, so I am always chary of expressing an opinion unless I am driven to it.

The winter exhibitions of the Grosvenor were always a source of much interest, and though they required a great deal of time and research, it was mostly work of a clerical nature, which could be done in the late afternoons or evenings, when painting was no longer possible. I thoroughly

enjoyed finding out where pictures were, and bringing them together; what was less pleasant was obtaining the consent of their owners to their loan, and many a rebuff has been my portion. Experience has taught me never to take the first refusal as final; the greatest curmudgeon has generally a weak side from which he is assailable, and with practice one learns how to ascertain where the vulnerable spot lies. My initiation into the gentle craft of fishing for pictures came with the general exhibition of the works of G. F. Watts held in the winter of 1881-82. Watts gave me a list of the pictures he wished us to get, and, as a rule, the owners were quite ready to lend their possessions, but it was not always so. There was one picture, a full-length life-size portrait of Lord Campbell in his Chancellor's robes, which, as almost the only full length of a man Watts ever painted, he was very anxious to see included in the collection. He wrote to the owner, Lord Stratheden and Campbell, but received no reply. Sir Coutts then wrote, with a similar result. I was thereupon deputed to call upon the old gentleman, and fortunately found him at home, and after some persuasion obtained his consent to lend the picture. This was in November, and he told me that he was going

abroad for some months, and that I might have the picture from January 15 till the close of the exhibition. I duly thanked him, and then pointed out that the exhibition was to open on January 1, and that, as he was going away, perhaps he would let me have the picture a fortnight sooner, so that it might hang on the walls of the gallery for the opening. He said: "Your dates are a matter of no concern to me whatever. I have made you what I consider a fair offer; you may take it or leave it." I thought it advisable after that to say no more, and as the picture could not be obtained for the opening, I placed it on an easel, where it looked very well, and excited much interest.

This exhibition of Watts's works served, in a way, a very useful purpose. When Watts was a comparatively young man he did not pay much attention to surface, but under the influence of Rossetti he came in time to attach an almost undue importance to this quality. In his anxiety to avoid smoothness he not only discarded the use of oil as a medium, but used to extract the oil from the pigments he received from his colourman by squeezing them on to a stone or blotting-paper, and then mixing the paint when almost dry with benzine or turpentine as a medium. In course of time the

evaporation of spirit left the paint with hardly any vehicle to bind it to the canvas, and when he saw his pictures again at the Grosvenor he found that many of them were in a very dangerous condition, that they were, indeed, little more than pastels. He had most of them judiciously varnished by a good picture-restorer, and it is thanks to the care they then received that they have been preserved ; indeed, I have found that many a picture has been saved by being lent to the winter exhibitions. They very often hang for years, perhaps in a dark corridor, quite neglected by their owners. When they are brought to London, and placed in the strong light of a gallery, dirt, damp, and cracking become apparent, and they receive the attention they require. It is an extraordinary thing that if a man has a choice cellar of wine constant care is bestowed upon it. Wines are rebottled, turned over, and every care is taken that improvement in quality by the maturing of time shall be taken advantage of, yet a picture worth a thousand bottles of wine receives no attention at all, although it requires every bit as much care, and matures with time quite as much as wine does.

Since 1877 hardly a year has passed when hundreds of pictures have not come before me. The difference

in quality between those that have been properly looked after and those that have not is most disheartening. If a picture is not kept constantly under glass, fog, frost, dust, and overheating must affect the surface. A careful cleaning from time to time with a silk handkerchief or cotton-wool will remove what is detrimental, and allow the mellowing of the oil, which adds so much to the beauty of a picture, to go on unchecked. Yet how seldom is this done! Atmospheric conditions which would ruin a man's piano or his fiddle or his port are unheeded for his pictures, until they blister and crack, or the dirt is ingrained into them, when a picture-restorer is called in, who in a couple of days completes the ruin which has been going on for years, and which a little care would not only have arrested, but would have added enormously to the original value of the work. What is wanted in the world of Art is an Insurance Society, not to compensate owners for the destruction of their pictures by fire or accident, but to safeguard them from neglect or injudicious repair when the neglect has gone too far. A collection of pictures ought to be overhauled at least once a year, and if an Insurance Society with a properly trained staff were established, all subscribers to it might have their pictures or

other works of Art properly attended to at no greater expense than the tuning of their pianos, the winding up of their clocks, or the bottling of their wines.

The destruction of works of Art by fire can never, of course, be wholly guarded against, and I was once a witness of one of the most destructive fires of late years, when a hecatomb of priceless works was destroyed. The Pantechnicon in Motcomb Street, Lowndes Square, was a storehouse of valuable pictures, furniture, plate, and other objects of Art, and when it took fire almost everything it contained perished in the flames. I was at that time—it must have been in about 1874 or 1875—engaged on a portrait of an old lady who lived in Lowndes Square.

I went to have tea with her one afternoon, and she told me that if I would like to see a big fire I was to go upstairs to her boudoir and look out of the window at the back of the house. I saw that the Pantechnicon was well alight, and that if the wind were to change to the east all one side of Lowndes Square would be in serious danger. I reported this to my hostess, and she at once packed a bag with her diamonds and lace, and asked me to take it across the Square to the house of a friend of hers, where her jewels would be in safety. A

crowd had by this time collected in the Square, and I was glad when I succeeded in making my way through it with my bag, worth some £30,000, still in my possession.

On my return I met Colonel Labalmondière, one of the Commissioners of Police, and Captain Shaw, who was then the head of the Fire Brigade, and they asked me to take them into the house of my friend, as they wanted a place of vantage from which to direct operations of what promised to be a very serious business. We went on to the roof, from whence Captain Shaw signalled his orders, but Labalmondière and I and the servants of the house had to take off our coats and pour buckets of water down the side of the house we were in to prevent it catching fire from the heat. When the roof of the Pantechnicon fell in I saw more than one pitiable sight. At one moment the flames opened, and in the middle of them stood a beautiful cabinet of ebony, lapis-lazuli, and crystal. As I was looking at it the waves of fire closed round it, and in a second what had been a beautiful work of Art, on which probably months of work had been bestowed, became a charred, worthless ruin. It was a sad spectacle, but one from which it was impossible to tear oneself away. I have seen two or three

other big fires since then, but never one involving the destruction of so many fine things. I am not sure, though, that a picture is not better for honourable cremation than for a prolonged dishonourable career after it has been through the hands of the so-called picture-restorer.

The Watts exhibition at the Grosvenor was followed in the winter of 1883-84 by a collection of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I again had occasion to lament over the sad destruction worked by neglect and bad cleaning. A very famous picture changed hands a short time before it came to us, and after I had seen it in its original state. The new owner sent it to be cleaned, and when it came to the gallery I could not believe that it was the same picture. A dealer, on private-view day, told me that he had offered ten thousand pounds to the owner not many months before. "What would you give for it now?" I said. "Not ten thousand pence!" he replied, and walked away. On the other hand, two pictures arrived which were very dark and grimy. I sent for the late Mr. Dyer, who was the most judicious picture-restorer I ever met, and asked him what he could recommend. He examined them carefully, and said that the darkening was only due to the fact that the pictures had been kept too long

away from daylight—linseed-oil always blackens if in the dark, and bleaches again in daylight. He gave the pictures a rub over with cotton-wool, and advised me to hang them up in the strongest light I could find in the gallery, and see what happened. At the end of three months, although the supply of strong daylight in London during the winter is not overpowering, the pictures had lightened in tone 25 per cent., and looked as though they had been thoroughly cleaned, although really they had hardly been touched.

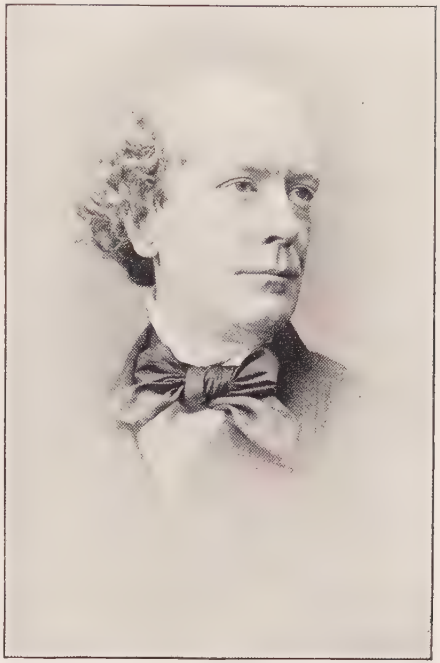
Whilst this exhibition was in progress of arrangement I happened one evening to meet at dinner my old friend Mrs. Procter. Mrs. Procter, widow of Barry Cornwall and mother of Adelaide Procter, was a remarkable old lady with the keenest zest for life and the society of her friends. She went everywhere and knew everybody, and she told my father one day that when she came to die her principal regret would be for the pleasant parties she had missed. What her age really was no one quite knew, if, indeed, she knew herself; but she was not always best pleased when it was alluded to.

On this occasion, as we sat down to dinner at the house of a mutual friend, she said to me across the table: "My dear Charlie, it is very ridiculous of

you to be doing a general exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds; it is only the other day that a collection of his works was brought together." "Only the other day, Mrs. Procter!" I replied; "why, it was in 1814." I was sorry that I was so pat with my date, as I saw at once that she did not like it, and, to my consternation, I heard her shortly afterwards, in conversation with the man who had taken her in to dinner, allude to a statesman whom she had known when he was Prime Minister. I have forgotten who it was, but the man she was talking to was as well up in politicians as I was in painters, and he said: "Lord —— was only Prime Minister for one year, and that was in seventeen hundred and something. You must have been young then." So the poor old lady got it on both sides.

If this had a humorous side, the Reynolds exhibition had also a sad association for me, as it was on the day before the opening that I lost my dear friend Richard Doyle. He had been to see me on Sunday morning, as he generally did, and after lunch I took him to the Grosvenor and showed him the collection, in which he was much interested. On leaving he complained of feeling tired, and I advised him to go and have a cup of tea with a kind lady who had asked him to go and see her,

VICTOR MOTTEZ.



RICHARD DOYLE.

To face p. 132.

and then go home. Instead, he went to his club, the Athenæum, ate his dinner, and had a seizure there, and died before he could be taken home. He was a fine artist, and one of the gentlest, wittiest, and kindliest creatures that ever lived. The following winter, at the Grosvenor, we brought together a collection of his drawings and water-colour paintings, which showed what poetical fancy, as well as humour, he could put into his work. The exhibition of his works, in association with a collection of pictures by Gainsborough, was preceded in 1882-83 by an exhibition of pictures by Alma-Tadema and Cecil Lawson.

Alma-Tadema had decided to hang his pictures in chronological order; he was absolutely firm on the point, and would listen to no objections. He arranged three or four in the order in which they had been painted, and then a case arrived from abroad containing one of his best pictures, which he had not seen for years. He pounced upon it, and had it hung at once in the best light in the gallery. "How about chronology?" said Carr. "The picture's place is in that dark corner." "Chronology be d——d!" said Tadema, and we heard no more about chronological arrangements at that or any other exhibition.

We were fortunate in obtaining most of the pictures we asked for, but, looking back, I am rather surprised that we did, as I am afraid our methods were not always as conventional as they should have been. We had to ask the King of the Belgians for some half-dozen pictures, and Carr and I, not being in the habit of writing to monarchs, were at a loss how to address him. We had some printed circulars beginning "Sir," so I suggested writing an "e" at the end of "Sir" in ink, and converting the word into "Sire." "Yes," said Carr, "try him with that, and don't bother me, as it is two o'clock in the morning, and I want to go to bed." So we sent off the letter, and whether His Majesty was tickled at the procedure or not I cannot say; anyhow, he wrote us a very civil answer, telling us we might have everything we wanted; a piece of good-nature which nearly had lamentable results, as one of the workmen entrusted with the packing of the pictures at the Royal Palace left his hammer inside the case. Most of the frames and glasses were broken, but fortunately the pictures escaped without so much as a scratch.

The exhibition of contemporary works in the summer brought me naturally into intimate relations with many of the artists; they liked the way in which

their pictures were hung, they also liked the fearless spirit with which the assaults of hostile criticism were met. I do not pretend to share the excessive admiration it is now the fashion to lavish upon Whistler, and I think that few things are more contemptible than the pretence of admiration or condemnation not sincerely felt, but only assumed because it is the fashion of the hour; but it is impossible to deny that Whistler had great gifts which should have been recognized at the time; yet to what a storm of abuse the exhibition of his pictures gave rise! The same pens which are now slavish in adulation capered over paper in a perfect orgy of riotous vilification, and yet the writers are not ashamed. It was the same with Burne-Jones. I never wavered in my admiration for his works, but if I had ever conceived any doubts they would have been quickly dispelled by the opinion of the men for whom I had the greatest respect and liking, both as artists and men—G. F. Watts and Alma-Tadema. I was one day sitting with Watts in his studio, and he said to me: "Whereabouts in Art do you place Burne-Jones?" "Amongst the first twelve or fifteen," I replied. "I place him first of all," said Watts. "Do you mean really that you put him above Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian,

and Leonardo?" "No," was the answer; "I do not mean that the men you have mentioned were not greater in many ways, but that no artist who has lived at any time has united in himself so many gifts of the highest order — imagination, design, drawing, colour, and manipulation." Whether or not I was prepared to go quite these lengths I need not say, but it is most refreshing to hear a grand old painter like Watts pay such a frank tribute of admiration to an artist so much younger than himself.

The foreigners who exhibited at the Grosvenor looked upon me almost as one of themselves, and used to come and confide their troubles to me, of whatever nature they might be—professional, amorous, or pecuniary. In the latter category I cannot help relating an amusing interview I once had with Carlo Pellegrini ("Ape" of *Vanity Fair*). He came to my studio, and after looking at the pictures, said: "Hallé, have you any money?" I said: "No, Pelican, I have not. What artist ever has? But what's the matter?" "I want five pounds badly, to keep dog from manger," as he put it. "Well, perhaps I can manage that for you." So I drew him a cheque for the amount. When he had got it, and put it in his pocket, he

said these memorable words in his broken English, which he exchanged for French when he wished to be emphatic: "Hallé, my fellow, if I take dis five pounds as loan, every time I see you I say, 'Dere dat tiresome Hallé; I owe him five pound!' And you say, 'Dere dat tiresome Pelican; he owe me five pound!' It make unpleasantness between us —I take dis as gift." He did, but as a lesson in the art of paying debts it was money well spent.

With our exhibitors, whether they were foreigners or British, I have always got on very well, especially with the painters. With the sculptors my relations were occasionally somewhat strained, but I think this is due in a great measure to the influence of the materials they use in their respective crafts. A painter is a gentle, amenable creature, because he uses soft brushes and plenty of oil. He caresses his canvas; it is even said that sometimes his caresses stray beyond the frames of his pictures, but this, of course, is a calumny. Even in his business correspondence a painter adopts a style which is full of amiability. Here are specimens. I had to write to Giovanni Costa, and having to use Italian, I begged him to excuse the shortness of my letter, as the language was unfamiliar to me. His reply began: "La di lei lettera non é lunga

ma é una perla di gentilezza a di cortesia." Here is another, a humorous one from Burne-Jones : " Oh, dear Char-ley, won't you ever come & see me and dine with me be cause its so cold i can't go hout of a hevening. 'ow about Wensdy ? my son Mr. filip burne-jones he says you are dinink out to-morrow—so 'ow about Wensdy dear Char-ley and i am your affe^c Mr. burne-jones i want to tork bisness about the 4^thcoming exherbishon of mi pictures. Yours very truly and affec^ly Mr. burne-jones. R.S.V.P. S.P.Q.R. etc." Business with our painter exhibitors was generally conducted in this sort of style, and I think the pursuit of his calling tends to make him amiable, and, as the French say, *facile à vivre*. Not so the sculptor man. When he is not thumping clay he has a hammer and chisel, with which he is hacking marble or stone, and he becomes a dour, hard creature, and would as soon as not use his chisel on his fellow-creatures in default of inanimate material. He must be approached with caution, and his studio is apt to become a battlefield for the unwary. There are, of course, exceptions, and one of the pleasantest of my neighbours and one of our constant exhibitors was the well-known sculptor, Edgar Boehm. His studio for many

years was next to mine, and we saw a good deal of one another. When he was executing his statue of Carlyle—the one now on the Chelsea Embankment—he asked me to go in sometimes when the old philosopher was sitting, and help to amuse him. One day the conversation turned on Macaulay, and Carlyle, after listening for some time to what the others had to say, remarked: "Nae doot Macaulay was a vary clever mon, but he just knew naething aboot anything." This taught me that historians are as apt to disagree as painters on their respective merits, and that artists are not the only people who do not invariably love and esteem one another. I had just returned from Paris when I heard Carlyle make this observation on Macaulay, and it sounded like an echo of what I had been hearing every day there. I used to breakfast and dine at a restaurant much frequented by artists, called the Faisan Doré, and Stephen Heller, who took me there, told me to observe that if I mentioned one painter to another he would be sure to say: "*Quel charmant garçon, mais quel fichu peintre!*" Heller introduced me to Alfred Stevens. I waited my opportunity, and then asked him if he knew one of my friends—I think it was Heilbuth. "*Heilbuth,*" he exclaimed, "*c'est mon meilleur*

ami, quel charmant garçon!" with much more to the same effect, and then came the inevitable refrain, "*mais quel fichu peintre!*" I caught Heller's eye, and presently tried another, with precisely the same result; after which I concluded that it was the invariable rule, and that Heller, who had lived amongst them all his life, knew what he was talking about; indeed, I never met anyone who talked better or who had more interesting things to talk about than the celebrated composer. He had known everybody who had made Paris famous during the golden age of literature, music, and painting, and known them not as casual acquaintances, but by meeting them every day. Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini, Chopin, Ingres, Delacroix, Flandrin, Victor Hugo, the two Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Balzac, Merimée, Heine, Gautier, Janin, and Alphonse Karr, were his intimates, with whom he dined or drank coffee at Tortoni's almost every evening. I wish that he had written his memoirs, or that I could remember some of the things he told me; but I did not keep notes at the time, and much has escaped my memory. I asked him one day which of all these brilliant men of genius had left the most vivid impression upon him, and he answered without a moment's hesita-

tion that it was unquestionably Alfred de Musset. He told me that this man had the most extraordinary fascination, and that it was felt by others as much as by himself—that Balzac and Dumas would sit as silent listeners when De Musset began to talk.

Heine must also have been a man of strange charm, and I have heard a great deal about him, not only from Heller, but from my father, as he, Heller, and Heine were the three inseparables when they lived in Paris together during the forties. My father tells in his memoirs—"The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé"—how they would meet of an evening, how he would play something that Heller had composed during the day, and then how Heine would recite one of his own poems and conclude by observing, "How beautiful!" and perhaps shed a tear of emotion. Tears of emotion came very readily to the eyes of these men, and were never thought strange. M. Ingres played the fiddle—he played it very badly, but he thought more of it than of his painting, and invariably wept with happiness as he concluded a sonata. On another occasion Ingres was given a dinner by his confrères in painting, music, and literature, and his health was proposed in such complimentary terms that he was quite overcome with emotion. When he could speak

for his sobs he produced a piece of paper from his pocket, and began to read his reply in these terms: "Les acclamations que je viens d'entendre." Fortunately, he was devoid of any sense of humour, and his friends present were too fond of him even to smile. His lack of a sense of humour was taken advantage of by his pupils to get a rise out of him. One joke which never missed fire was to tell him the anecdote of the young painter from Marseilles who had a prejudice against pastrycook boys. He could never see one without going for him, and one day, having administered the customary thrashing, his unfortunate victim yelled out: "Mais, monsieur, je ne vous ai rien fait." All the reply he got in broad Marseillais was: "Zuze un peu si tu m'avais fait quelque zoze." This story put Ingres in a fury at the injustice of humanity, even when he heard it for the hundredth time.

The habit of always responding to the same provocation is characteristic of some men, and very satisfactory to their friends who enjoy teasing them. Leighton had this weakness on one or two points, and most especially on the subject of the Royal Academy. He never could bear to hear anything said to the detriment of the institution he loved so well, and for which he worked with such untiring

devotion; and his old friend Edward Sartoris, knowing this, delighted in getting rises out of him; and he was an adept at the game. He would bring the conversation round to Burlington House when Leighton was the least prepared for it, and then drop a match, which was invariably followed by an explosion. Leighton always lived on such Olympian heights that it was impossible not to rejoice sometimes when a trick upon him came off successfully, but he was far too good-natured and had too keen a sense of humour himself ever to show resentment.

I cannot remember the time when I did not know Leighton, as he and my father were friends before I was of an age to remember anything, and although I was never as intimate with him as I was with Watts and Burne-Jones, we got on very well together when we met. I am not sure that he ever quite approved either of the Grosvenor or the New Gallery. When the project of the Grosvenor was first mooted, Sir Coutts took an early opportunity of unfolding his views to Leighton. He invited him to dinner, and when we were alone together in the studio afterwards, Sir Coutts asked me to give him some details of the scheme. This I did, and Leighton was much annoyed. He told Sir Coutts

that it was a pity to draw off so much good work from the Academy, and finally added that he considered his conduct unpatriotic. At this Sir Coutts began to snort, and prepared for battle, and I feared there was going to be an unpleasant scene, but after a time they calmed down, and eventually Leighton promised some of his works to our first exhibition. He never, however, sent anything of importance, and although, admiring his Art so much as I did, I regretted this, at the same time, I could not help respecting the heart-whole and loyal devotion he showed to the institution of which he made such an admirable and picturesque figure-head. Not only the Academy, but the whole profession was the better for having Leighton as our representative, and his death has left a void which is still felt, and will be felt for many years to come, as men like Leighton are not born every day. His house was the home of musicians almost as much as of painters, as he had an enthusiastic love of music, and at the annual entertainment he gave in the spring, music was always the predominant feature. I do not think that I missed one of these parties for many years. The music was not only of the very best—I shall never forget how the Brahms quintette was per-

formed there one afternoon—but the whole atmosphere of the house and of the guests he loved to gather round him took one into a world of Art and culture, in which it was pleasant to breathe, if only for an hour or two. Leighton was not only a fine artist and a man of the world of great culture and refinement, he was also the kindest friend to all those who sought his assistance, or whose needs were brought to his attention. I have known of many whom Leighton has helped, not merely with his purse, but with his time and personal exertions on their behalf; and although in some ways he lived a solitary life, not readily making intimate friends, he was loved and respected by all with whom he came in contact.

A man whose character had certain points of resemblance to Leighton's, and who held in the theatrical world the same position that Leighton occupied in the artistic, was Henry Irving. He was also *grand Prince*, and not only did much for the Art of which he was such a great exponent, but he enhanced the status, and, if I may use the word, the dignity, of the actor's calling. His courtesy and personal charm were felt by all who knew him, and he was in a way more human than Leighton—one might come into his world without

doffing one's hat, or taking off one's shoes, or rubbing up one's Latin grammar.

He was always extremely kind to me; he put me on to the permanent free-list of the Lyceum. He took shares in the New Gallery Company when we were struggling to raise funds wherewith to build the place, and not only did he come to my studio one day and buy a picture for a substantial sum of money, but, as a little act of courtesy which I appreciated still more, he sent his architect to me to ask me what scheme of colour I would like to have adopted for the room in his house where the picture was to be placed. Miss Terry, in her Memoirs, says that he had not much artistic perception, and perhaps unkind people may say that her opinion is justified by the fact that he should have bought one of my pictures, and that he preferred the portrait Millais painted of him to the Whistler likeness; but, enjoying as I did the beautiful stage pictures Irving constantly gave us at the Lyceum, I could not believe that he was lacking, as she says, in artistic taste.

I hope that Miss Terry will pardon my liberty in disagreeing with her; it is the liberty of a very old friend, as I have known her and her sisters for more years than perhaps they would care that I should

remember. One incident in our acquaintance has remained in my memory, though I cannot recall the exact date. Mrs. Arthur Lewis—or Miss Kate Terry as she then was—was still on the stage. I had dined with her and one of her sisters, and accompanied them to the theatre at which she was acting. When the performance was over, a strange and involuntary performance of an acrobatic character was enacted by the audience out in the street. There had been a slight shower of rain, followed by a sharp frost, which produced what the French call a *verglas*. Consequently the pavement had been converted into a sheet of ice, and everybody promptly fell down. They only got up to fall down again, and it certainly was a very funny sight. I managed, by holding on to the railings of the houses, to work my way to my club in Savile Row, and was restoring my forces with some supper, when Richard Doyle came in and told me that he had seen an extraordinary spectacle in Piccadilly. He was getting along as best he could himself, when he met a gentleman in evening clothes crawling on all fours on the pavement by the Green Park. On looking down he saw that it was the Duke of Devonshire, at that time Lord Hartington. He told Doyle that he had been down so often he did

not dare get on his legs again, and was trying to fetch Devonshire House that way. Doyle said that if a Minister of War, as Lord Hartington then was, did make a progress on all fours along Piccadilly, he was glad he was there to see it, and I only wish that I had had the chance also.

If Piccadilly was on this evening a sheet of ice, it soon reverted to its normal condition, in those days before the wood pavements, of being a sea of mud. One evening at the end of March, when not only Piccadilly, but all London was six inches deep in mud, I went to a musical party given by Mr. Frederick Lehmann in Berkeley Square. He had Joachim, Piatti, and my father to play, and just as the music was about to begin a musical enthusiast came into the room keen with anticipation of a delightful evening. To his disappointment, there was not a vacant chair, and to stand up to music is not at all the same thing as sitting down to it. However, he had a brilliant inspiration ; he said, in a voice everybody could hear: "If there are any artists here this evening they will be interested to learn that I have just seen a vanload of pictures upside down in Piccadilly, and all the pictures rolling about in the mud." It was sending-in day to the Academy, and at least half a dozen men in

the room had their year's labour and all their hopes in different vans proceeding along Piccadilly at that moment. There was an immediate stampede, and our mean friend got a chair, which shows that even those with music in themselves are "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

I hope I shall not be thought lacking in a sense of appreciation of music if I say that, however much I may deplore the conduct of this unprincipled individual, I cannot help sympathizing with him in his desire to listen to music in comfort. It is not only bodily comfort which is required, but that, if possible, all the surroundings should be in tune with the harmony instilled into your senses through your ears. I have lived in music from my cradle, and have as keen a love for it as I have for painting, but I cannot deny that the circumstances under which I hear it make an enormous difference.

In old days my father used to take a charming old house at Cowes, Isle of Wight—Egypt House it was called—for the months of August and September. There on a hot moonlight evening it was pleasant to sit on a low wall by the sea with Doyle or Garcia, or some other sympathetic friend, and listen to the "Appasionata" or "Moonlight" sonatas played as, to my feeling, only my father

could play them. How different that was to hearing the same tunes at that very hideous, evil-smelling, over-lighted building, the late St. James's Hall! I certainly used to go there for many years very regularly to the "Monday Pops," but the effort to close your eyes and your nose and give your ears alone a fair chance was tiresome and fatiguing, and often, unless the programme was singularly attractive, the effort was unavailing, and the odour of mutton-fat and the glare of the gas would carry the day and make one wish to go home.

It was in the original scheme of the Grosvenor to combine music with painting, and as painters were to show their pictures under the most favourable conditions, so were musicians to make their music. The experiment was tried, but practical difficulties came in the way, and when the New Gallery was founded and the idea was revived, our floor-space was so much occupied with show-cases during the first ten years, owing to the character of the exhibitions held during the winter months, that concerts of any sort were impossible. I asked my father to give his recitals during the summer at the New Gallery instead of at the St. James's Hall, and he would gladly have done so, but did not think it wise to change the hour from three o'clock

Photo : J. Ambler, Manchester.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ, LL.D.

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in the afternoon, when they had always been held, to eight o'clock in the evening, so again the idea had to be given up.

Another of our constant exhibitors in the early days of the Grosvenor was W. G. Wills. He was a painter of no mean talent (he had a beautiful sense of colour), as well as a dramatist. He, like Boehm, was a neighbour of mine in the Avenue Studios, but, unlike Boehm, he was the most thorough Bohemian I ever met. His habit was to lie in bed till perhaps three or four o'clock in the afternoon, which in nowise interfered with his seeing his friends. Occasionally he could be persuaded to get up, and one day he came to my studio to luncheon to meet Alphonse Legros. Why they wanted to meet I do not know; they had expressed a mutual wish to be acquainted, so I asked them both to come, but it was a trying day for me. They had no ideas in common nor a language in which they could communicate their sentiments to one another, as Legros possessed no English and Wills was equally ignorant of French. For three or four hours I had to translate, and I was glad when the day's hard work was done.

During the holiday seasons at this time I seldom went abroad, as the Grosvenor work was too en-

grossing, but to Balcarres, where I had a standing invitation from Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, and where one or two artists were sure to be among the guests. One day we went out shooting—Leighton, Val Prinsep, Colonel Charles Lindsay, Sir Coutts, and I. We were walking in line through the turnips, when a covey of partridges rose just in front of Leighton. Instead of firing at them, the sportsman got lost in the artist, and he exclaimed: "Oh, do look at the high lights on the backs of those birds!" That he received a due measure of chaff for his utterance I need not say.

Everything was going on pleasantly at the Grosvenor until 1882, when unfortunate differences which had arisen between Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay came to a head, and in spite of the endeavours of their friends to effect a reconciliation, a final separation took place. I will not dilate upon the painful subject, but I cannot help referring to it, as the departure of Lady Lindsay sounded the death-knell of the Grosvenor Gallery. Lady Lindsay, whether in Scotland, Cromwell Place, or the Grosvenor, was an ideal hostess; her personal influence and tact, both on the artistic and social side, were inestimable, and when that was removed our difficulties were enormously increased. It was

not to be expected that a high-spirited woman would accept a condition of things repugnant to her feelings in the interests of a picture-gallery; nor, on the other hand, was Sir Coutts prepared to make a sacrifice of his personal inclinations for a similar cause. When everything was settled he wrote me a letter in which he said that under no circumstances would he withdraw from the duties that had grown out of the Grosvenor Gallery, and that he considered himself pledged in honour to those who had given him their support in the undertaking. He added that, as a matter of fact, no change whatever would take place at the Grosvenor, nor would it be diverted to any other use, in spite of the unhappy differences which existed between himself and Lady Lindsay. Under these circumstances, Carr and I considered that, on a personal matter which in no way concerned us, we could not possibly take any other course than to continue to do our duty by the Gallery. This was also the feeling amongst the majority of the exhibitors; they felt that they could only ignore what was kept as a private matter, and that any other action might be resented by Lady Lindsay as much as by Sir Coutts. We therefore continued our summer and winter exhibitions, and brought

together collections of Millais and Van Dyck, in two successive winters, which were thoroughly representative of both artists. The Millais exhibition, which eventually proved such a big success, was attended at first by so many difficulties, that I more than once despaired of being able to carry it through. To begin with, when I first spoke to him about it, he told me that he had not the faintest idea what pictures he had painted, nor where they were; that the only person who could supply the information was Lady Millais, and that, as she was a strong partisan of Lady Lindsay, I should probably receive no help from her at all. When I broached the subject to Lady Millais, I was at first met by a flat refusal, but in time I overcame her objections, and obtained from her before she left town a complete list of all her husband's pictures and drawings, with the names and addresses of their owners. Millais then asked me to dine with him. I thought that we should be by ourselves, but when I arrived I found there was to be a men's dinner, with a whist-party afterwards, and did not think that we should get through much business. When we lit our cigars, Millais said to me: "Now, Charlie, let's have a look at that list of yours." I began to read out the names

of the pictures; some were received with approval, some with most emphatic condemnation. I began to get nervous, and when I got to one of which I had serious doubts myself, I tried to pass it over. It was no use; I was told to speak up, and when he heard what the picture was, he shouted out: "That damned thing! If I thought that was to be in the show, I would have no more to do with it!" And his fist was brought down upon the table in a succession of angry thumps. When I could make myself heard, I whispered to him: "Have you forgotten, Millais, that Mr. ——, who bought the picture, is sitting at the end of the table?" However, he was not in the least put out. He said: "——, old chap, I'm sorry I said that about your picture, but you know it is a damned bad thing! You will have to buy a better one."

In course of time the pictures were all collected at the gallery, and then Millais thought that he would come and hang them himself. Here the serious trouble began. He had a vague idea that the pictures which had proved most popular and brought in the biggest prices were likely to be the best, and must have the most prominent places. The result was deplorable, and the exhibition looked certainly disappointing. Millais was very unhappy,

and he left the gallery one Saturday evening in a most unenviable frame of mind. On Sunday morning I went to the Grosvenor about nine o'clock, to try and work the problem out, and there I found Millais. He told me that he had not slept, that he had made the fireman on duty let him into the gallery at six o'clock, and that on looking round the collection he had come to the conclusion that he was not an artist at all, that the exhibition could not be held, and that I must persuade Sir Coutts to send the pictures back, and do something else. This was cheerful! I told him that what he said was all nonsense, that the pictures were right enough, and only wanted arranging differently, and asked him to let me try my hand at hanging them. He said: "You can't try to-day because it is Sunday." However, I had taken the precaution to have all my men there, so I persuaded him to go to his club, and come back at three o'clock, and promised him that if he was still disappointed I would speak to Sir Coutts, and try to obtain his consent to a change of plan for our winter exhibition. He departed. I called up the staff, took down all the pictures, and rehung them on their artistic merit alone, alternating his subject-pictures with his best portraits and landscapes, and gave

the merely popular pictures less prominent places. Millais came back punctually at three, looked round the gallery, put his arm round my neck, and said : " Charlie, my boy, Van Dyck wasn't in it!" He became more and more jubilant, and if Van Dyck wasn't in it, he was in it too much himself, as the next day he began retouching the whole lot. He not only worked at them himself, but made me bring up my paint-box and take notes of alterations he had not time to do himself, strengthening the colour in one place, glazing in another, toning in a third. We were both very busy for a whole week, and a van was kept going between Bond Street and Palace Gate, taking pictures to his studio which he wished to work at there. We nearly got into one very serious row. Mr. Matthews lent us a picture called "The Flood," a child in a cradle floating on the waters of an inundation. Millais entirely repainted the background. Mr. Matthews got to hear of these happenings, and wrote to Sir Coutts that the picture as altered was not the picture he lent, and claimed from him the same sum he had paid for it—£2,000. He was unquestionably within his rights, and Millais had to admit it. Fortunately, the fresh paint was not dry, and the picture having been

soaked for twenty-four hours in a bath of linseed oil, was restored to its pristine condition. I was glad when opening day came. The exhibition was a great success, and brought in £6,000 in gate-money and sale of catalogues.

That was almost the last winter exhibition at the Grosvenor with which I was connected. Difficulties, which began in 1884, when, in consequence of domestic differences, Sir Coutts's private means were considerably curtailed, made it necessary for him to turn the gallery to better financial account. The "man of business" was called into council, and instead of Lady Lindsay we had Mr. Joseph Pyke, the jeweller from next door, to give prestige and social éclat to our artistic venture. It did not take long to bring the whole thing down like a pack of cards. Carr and I were powerless. We were told we had not the commercial instinct, that we were not "men of business," and that the gallery, the success of which had been so much of our doing, ought to be made to pay a much handsomer dividend. The experiment was tried under the auspices of Mr. Pyke, and shipwreck was the result.

We stood by the place as long as we could, but when men like Burne-Jones and Alma-Tadema intimated to us that under the altered régime they

could no longer support the institution, we felt that their defection would be followed by that of others, and that our only course was to hand in our resignations. We had no reason to suppose, and Sir Coutts and others frankly told us so, that our resignation would make any difference to the success of the gallery, and, as a matter of fact, it did go on for about a year after we left, so the abuse we received for our action was entirely illogical. It was a more serious matter for ourselves, for me especially. I never had any private means, and not only was the salary I received a consideration, but I found on the walls of the Grosvenor a steady market for the sale of my own pictures. I would certainly not have abandoned all this, and work which was in every way interesting and congenial, without imperative reasons, and yet for an action which is surely within the rights of every man, the right to withdraw from a position made impossible, we were assailed on all sides as though we had committed a crime. One of the papers, *Vanity Fair*, went so far that in self-defence we had to proceed against it for libel. Thanks to Sir George Lewis and Lord Russell, who took up our cause, we won our case. *Vanity Fair* had to apologize in Court and pay the expenses, and the nuisance after that somewhat abated.

CHAPTER VIII

Our secession from the Grosvenor occurred in the autumn of 1887, and when the holidays were over we were told by several of the artists and the whole of the staff who had come out with us that they wanted another gallery. That was a serious proposal, which at first seemed impossible of realization. We were urged to try, and I found, on sounding some of my friends, that we could count upon a great deal more support than I anticipated. Carr and I threw ourselves into it, and in a few weeks the scheme, which had seemed like a wild dream, began to assume tangible shape. With the promise of a few thousands to justify us in making a beginning, we looked out for a site and an architect. The site was found almost at once. Newman's livery stables in Regent Street had been converted into a co-operative meat-market, which had failed and gone into liquidation, and presented an ideal site for our purpose. We entered into negotiations, and found we could obtain it on a thirty-four years'

lease for the sum of £20,000, half of which might remain on mortgage for some years. Before completing the purchase we had to find an architect and a builder. We went at first to Philip Webb, but on his recommendation we applied to E. R. Robson, who had lately completed the Institute Galleries, and had made a special study of the lighting of picture-galleries. Robson entered warmly into the work. He was delighted with the site, and began at once to prepare his designs, which were admirable. The next thing was to find a builder who would meet us in a liberal spirit as to the manner of payment. This was not so easy—builders have an uncomfortable habit of wishing to be quite sure of their money before they embark on building operations. We tried several, always with rather a disappointing result, until one day we heard from Carr's brother, who had himself been engaged in extensive building at Bedford Park, that Peto Brothers would probably do our work on accommodating terms. An interview was arranged. After half an hour's talk, Jonathan Carr came out to us and said he thought the matter could be arranged if we let him have a substantial sum to hand over at once. I had my cheque-book in my pocket, and offered £500. Carr said that might

do, but that £1,000 would be better, so I boldly wrote out a cheque for £1,000 on my private account, which I handed over. My next idea was to get to my bank as quickly as a hansom could take me there. To my dismay, the manager was out. I waited for him in a fever of impatience. Fortunately he soon came in, but I cannot say that he looked overjoyed when I told him what I had done. Of course I had not £1,000 to my credit, but I pointed out to him that that was a detail, and that what really mattered was that my cheque should be honoured. He agreed to do this, and the rest of my day was employed in converting promises into cheques, so that by nightfall I had not one, but two or three thousands in hand. The work began almost at once, and went on uninterruptedly for three months day and night. It was an exciting time, but one of much anxiety, as there had been a misunderstanding on our part of Messrs. Peto's accommodating terms. We found that, once the work had started, they required £1,000 every Saturday to go on with it, and for twelve weeks this weekly £1,000 had to be found. Where they came from is to this day a mystery to me, but somehow we got them. On two occasions we fell short, but a dear, kind friend, Mr. Edward Heywood,

Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.

J. COMYNS-CARR.

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of Manchester, had told me that if at any time I was cornered I was to telegraph to him, and he would put things right. The existence of the New Gallery is really due to his sympathetic kindness and substantial help. By May, 1888, we were ready to open our first summer exhibition, so the artists who had followed us did not lose a single season. Robson, our architect, not only did his artistic work admirably well, and converted an ugly meat-market into a beautiful gallery, better lighted than any other in London, but he so dealt with the many questions constantly arising with County Councils and other vexatious bodies that not a single day's delay occurred from start to finish. He was in everything ably seconded by Mr. W. Ainslie, our solicitor, who from the first day we made his acquaintance to the present day has safeguarded our interests in a manner for which we can never be sufficiently grateful.

The New Gallery has been singularly fortunate throughout its career in the men who have given it help—help often entailing long and arduous work, for which no return was expected or would have been accepted. This was especially the case during the preparation of our winter exhibition, which followed a highly successful summer exhibition,

where Watts, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, and our other contributors were represented at their best, and which was so well patronized that our receipts for the three months came to over £4,500, besides giving me personally, in the sale of my picture "Paolo and Francesca," a sum of money which quite compensated me for the time spent on the gallery itself. The winter exhibition to which I have alluded was in connection with the royal House of Stuart, and it was during the preparation of that exhibition that I came in contact with the men who have done so much for the gallery. Foremost among these I must place Mr. Leonard Lindsay, who came to us first as secretary of the Stuart Exhibition, and has been with us nearly ever since as secretary and director of the gallery. It was a strange coincidence that a near relative of Sir Coutts Lindsay should find himself associated with the New Gallery, but it was a fortunate chance that brought him to us, as no one could have done the work he did more efficiently or with greater tact and discretion. It was he who gathered round the New Gallery men like George Scharf, H. Grueber, C. H. Read, H. Jenner, H. Dillon, St. John Hope, I. Spielmann, F. M. O'Donoghue, L. Cust, R. Holmes, Barclay Squire, and others,

who, connected as they were with the British Museum, the Society of Antiquaries, and the National Portrait Gallery, brought historical knowledge of the highest order, as well as methodical habits, only acquired by long practice, to the cataloguing and classification of the exhibits, which were also in a great measure obtained by their assistance. The Stuart Exhibition was a great success, and was naturally followed by others illustrative of the Royal Houses of England. In the winter of 1889-90 we undertook a representation of the Tudor period, for which exhibition H. Dillon — now Viscount Dillon — kindly consented to act as secretary. In the preparation of this exhibition we were greatly assisted by George Scharf, the director of the National Portrait Gallery. I went to see him, but he told me that he was an old man, excessively busy, and not in very good health, and that I must not expect him to give us much assistance. He added, however, that if Dillon and I would go and dine with him he would give us such information in answer to our questions as he could remember. Dillon knew his Tudor period almost better than he knew the events and personages of the present time, so he prepared a list of the people whose portraits we wanted, and

armed with this we went to dine with Scharf. Scharf was a man of very large proportions, and a great eater. I watched the progress he made through the numerous courses (helped by copious libations) of the dinner with much anxiety, and when it was at last ended and he was settled in an armchair with a cigar and a tumbler of whisky by his side, I wondered how much information he would impart before he dropped off to sleep. To my astonishment every question Dillon asked him was answered at once without a single reference to a notebook. He knew everything; everybody Dillon mentioned he seemed to know intimately. He told us whether or not he or she had been painted, by whom, and where the picture was at that moment, though it might have changed hands a dozen times since he saw it. It was the most prodigious feat of memory at which I ever assisted. We remained with him for about four hours, and when we came away at about two o'clock in the morning Dillon had the whole of the Tudor Exhibition in his pocket.

That exhibition proved an even greater success than the Stuart. The gate-money and sale of catalogues amounted to over £6,000, and was followed in 1890-91 by the House of Guelph.

We were somewhat in doubt as to the proper designation of an exhibition representative of the reigning dynasty, so Lindsay wrote to Sir Henry Ponsonby-Fane to ask him. His letter was returned in a few days with a note across it in the handwriting of H.M. Queen Victoria: "Our name is Guelph d'Este." This letter so endorsed would have been an interesting document to have retained in the archives of the New Gallery, but a few weeks afterwards we received orders from Windsor that it was to be returned there, as that was the invariable rule in the case of letters and notes in Her Majesty's handwriting, except those addressed to private friends.

This exhibition of portraits of the British Sovereigns from George I. to William IV., and of portraits and relics of Wellington, Nelson, Pitt, Chatham, Byron, Scott, and so many other distinguished men, would, one would have expected, have secured a large attendance; but the fickleness of the public is proverbial, and so we learnt to our cost. The exhibition was visited by Queen Victoria. It was the second occasion on which I had the honour of meeting Her Majesty. She came to the Tudor Exhibition on March 4, 1890, and I was impressed, as all have been who have had the privilege of being presented to her, by her queenly

dignity, and the certain indescribable something—that "Divinity which doth hedge a King"—which she possessed in such a marked degree. She was very small, very plainly dressed, yet even if one had not known who she was, it would have been impossible not to feel that she was a personage of much importance in the world. I went round the exhibition with her, and when we came to the portraits of William IV. and Queen Adelaide, she said: "That is not Queen Adelaide." It was a portrait of the Queen as a much younger woman than she could have been when Queen Victoria knew her, and it had come to us from a collection which I thought was a guarantee for its authenticity, but I only bowed in response to her remark. I suppose that this was not sufficient, and that I ought at once to have had the picture removed, as she repeated "That is not Queen Adelaide" in a tone of voice which showed me how little she would brook having any utterance of hers questioned for a moment. I felt that her next remark might be, "Off with his head!" and I was thankful that we were in the nineteenth century, and that it was Queen Victoria, and not Queen Elizabeth, I was talking to. She was accompanied by the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the exhibition

was also visited by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and many other exalted personages; but the general public had already had enough of historical exhibitions, and the attendance diminished to 60,000 visitors. Nothing daunted, we concluded the series in the winter of 1891-92 by a representation of the famous people and events of the reign of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty took great interest in it herself, contributed several of her own drawings and etchings, and lent us even more pictures from Windsor than we wanted—indeed, we were somewhat hampered by the ceremonial pictures of weddings and christenings she sent, which were not of high order as works of Art. But nevertheless the exhibition was thoroughly representative of the Victorian era, and contained portraits of all the most famous men and women of the period, besides pictures of notable events, and personal relics of much interest. Again, one would have thought that such an exhibition would have drawn crowds from all parts of the kingdom, but it did not, and we only got through sufficiently to cover our heavy insurance and collecting expenses. There is absolutely nothing more difficult than to know what will attract the public and what will not; no experience is of any use. Theatrical

managers have often told me the same; they never know what will prove a success, or to what to attribute success or failure. My own experience is that real interest in a subject is entertained by comparatively very few people; what attracts them is curiosity, especially morbid curiosity. For one person who looked at Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. at the Stuart Exhibition, a hundred came to see the shirt he wore on the day of his execution, with the blood-stains still visible. It was the same at the Tudor—the Essex ring and the blood-stained tippet of Anne Boleyn brought crowds who never would have come to see the splendid series of Holbein portraits we were fortunate enough to bring together. The Guelph and Victorian eras had no such tragic memorials to display, so our attendance dropped by one-half, and the shareholders of the company had their first experience of reduced dividends. Fortunately, the attendance at our summer exhibitions kept up very well. These were managed on the same lines as at the Grosvenor, only that instead of Sir Coutts, Comyns Carr accompanied me on the round of studio visits in the spring. It was interesting work to go and see what all my brother artists had been about, and the visits generally passed off quite pleasantly, as we took great

care not to venture into studios where unfamiliarity with the artist's previous pictures left us in any doubt as to whether we wanted the works we were to see or not. In the case of artists whose works we did not know we had another system. Anyone who liked could send a picture or a piece of sculpture to be looked at on one of the first two Saturdays in March. If it was something we thought well of, we sent the artist an invitation to exhibit it at the spring exhibition, and if it was work of high order we put him on the list of those who were to be visited the following spring. On the whole, this double system worked very well. We so arranged that men were never left in doubt about their pictures for more than a day or two, and could always send them on to the Royal Academy if we could not accommodate them, without anybody being any the wiser that we had had the first choice. Occasionally there were "ructions," but very seldom; and it is remarkable, looking back on it now that it is over, that, considering what store men set on exhibiting at the Grosvenor or New Galleries, we should have got on so harmoniously for so many years.

If my relations with professional artists were comfortable and happy, I cannot say quite so much for the amateurs, especially the amateur ladies. I

have the profoundest respect, liking, and admiration for women, but what I have suffered from their assaults upon me has turned me into a shrivelled-up old man before my time. Their methods, also, are not quite fair. I would in early days unsuspectingly accept an invitation to dinner, and take in a charming lady. During the course of conversation I would be told that she painted a little, and at once wished myself at home or at my club. After dinner I would be taken aside by her father or uncle or husband, and be shown, as a great privilege, the latest production of dear Eliza or Betty or Jane, or whatever her name might be, and then be asked whether I did not think that the interest and beauty of the next exhibition at the Grosvenor or New Gallery would not be greatly enhanced by the exhibition of the masterpiece. Instant flight being out of the question, I had to dissemble, but I never came away without the conviction that I had turned a friend into a bitter foe with the profoundest contempt of my judgment on all matters appertaining to Art. In course of years I grew more wary—neither dinner with a millionaire nor tea with a Duchess during the two or three months previous to one of our exhibitions could tempt me ; but do what I would, I could not escape

the conviction that I made a fresh batch of enemies every spring, till I wonder sometimes that I have a friend left with whom I am on speaking terms. I would sometimes have the same sort of trouble over our winter exhibitions. It is extraordinary how susceptible owners of Old Masters are as to the rightful attributions assigned to their canvases. To me it has never been a matter of any importance at all. If a picture is a beautiful thing and a joy to look at, I cannot see that it is of much account who painted it. The wrangling that goes on as to whether one picture is or is not by Giorgione, whether another is by Pesellino or Piero di Cosimo, whether a third is a genuine Botticelli or only such a perfect replica that Botticelli himself could not tell which was which, has always seemed to me pitiable work. The commercial spirit is at the bottom of it. Pictures are not prized for their merit, but for what they are likely to realize at Christie's, if the attribution of some artist who is the fashion for the moment can be securely tacked to them. All the expert knowledge so much the fashion which leads a canvas to be exhibited in half a dozen different years with half a dozen different names attached to it is very wearying to the soul of anyone who really cares for pictures. I have often

noticed in going through an exhibition of Old Masters with artists that what they cared about were the pictures—who painted them was a matter of minor importance, if of any importance at all. With your connoisseur it is just the other way; what he wants to know is, who did it. He would scrape the paint off the finest picture in the world if he could thereby settle a disputed point of authorship by finding the painter's name on the panel. Early training may possibly account for this strong feeling on my part. When my father was alive my greatest pleasure was to sit for hours in the evenings listening to him play the piano. I have heard all the greatest masterpieces in music without its ever having occurred to me to ask who they were by. I should have been quickly sent out of the room if I had interrupted my father to ask him what he was playing. Besides which, what did it matter? It was very beautiful, and to me the personality brought into a work of Art by the name of the author detracts from rather than enhances its enjoyment. Does anyone feel less impressed by the beauty and solemnity of a Gothic cathedral by not knowing the name of the architect who designed it? It is the thing itself, not the producer, that matters. In a way this manner of looking at things

has stood me in good stead; so-called expert knowledge is a pitfall for the unwary. It is no use showing me a picture and telling me it must be a genuine Botticelli because the finger-nails are square if all the rest of the picture is a daub Botticelli would never have been guilty of; and it was in having to combat these really insignificant points, but to which enormous importance is wrongfully attached, that I have at times come to loggerheads with the owners of Old Masters. I would see a picture in a private collection that I much wanted, and the owner would say I might have it if I would give a prominent place to his favourite Titian. The Titian in question, by all the rules of the experts' grammar, would be proved to be an undoubtedly genuine production. My instinct would tell me that whatever mistakes Titian, like every other big artist, might have been responsible for, he had not committed the particular mistake set before me for my admiration. To obtain the picture I wanted and be spared the other would be the object of the next half-hour's diplomacy; but I was not always successful, and several times I have failed to secure an interesting work, or only obtained it at the price of having to let it come to an exhibition accompanied by one of no value at all as a

work of Art. I make no pretence to the infallibility claimed by *cognoscenti*—no two of them agree, but that is a detail; but I think their method of procedure is wrong. If you get a glimpse into the soul of a big man like Leonardo, you see his spirit breathing in any work he touched. It is no use looking at the back of the picture or comparing toe-nails, and then on that sort of evidence substituting his mighty name for that of Luini or Ambrogio de Predis. And there is a kinship in all work by big men—if the spirit is there, the work before you is by one of them, if not by the particular one to whom it is assigned at the moment. I shall not, perhaps, find many to agree with me, except among those who, like myself, have a genuine love of pictures, and have had much to do in forming collections of them. How often does the real point of a picture get missed by this inquiry into authorship. I have seen men standing in front of a canvas, beside themselves with admiration and delight, till they were told that it was a replica or "by somebody else," when they would turn away and look at it no more. And yet, being the same canvas, what became of all the admiration and delight it evoked at first? On the other hand, I have seen beautiful things passed by without a glance, until informa-

tion has been given that it was by So-and-so, or that it cost £20,000, when riveted attention, followed by unbounded admiration, would be bestowed upon it.

The pictures and sculptures I like best are all by Ignoto. Ignoto stands on his merits alone; critics have not torn him into shreds, and when one of his works gets into an auction-room it falls into the possession of a genuine lover of good things, and is not treated to the ignominy of being greeted with a round of applause when it is put on for sale, not for its beauty, but from the fact that the hammer of the auctioneer falls on a bid running into five figures.

This assignment of authorship has become a huge speculative business involving hundreds of thousands of pounds a year, and it is no use raising a feeble protest against it—pictures are the subject of bulling and bearing as though they were securities on the Stock Exchange. One day they are up, and the next, for no intelligible reason, they are down. When they are up they are applauded, when they are down they are treated with contempt, and their authors' names are, if possible, promptly changed. It is ignominious work, and all this speculation in pictures is doing infinite mis-

chief. It is not confined to Old Masters and rightful attributions and pedigrees. No one escapes it; picture-buying is nowadays almost entirely confined to the auction-room, and there it is a mere gamble. The broker is replaced by the knowing critic, or the dealer, or the latest development—the combination of the two. A man may like a picture and think that it would add to the beauty of his collection; he will not buy it if he is told that the particular artist who painted it is "going down" in market value. He may be up again in a year or two; meanwhile the buyer, if he wants a picture, buys one on the rise. Records are kept of all sales, and the ups and downs freely quoted. When the artist is dead his relations and friends suffer acutely from this constantly-recurring commercial test applied to work which had won renown for its author on totally different grounds of appreciation; when he is still alive, the vagaries of the auction-rooms, controlled as they often are by a clique, are disastrous. It is often forgotten that a picture is an expensive thing to produce; the artist must be kept alive whilst he paints it, must pay the rent of a studio, and pay for models, as well as his colourman's and framer's bills. If he sells his picture at a price that will repay him the initial cost and give him something in hand to

paint another or put by for a rainy day, he has done fairly well, but he cannot do this on the sort of sums modern pictures often fetch at Christie's. The result is a deadlock. If the value of the pictures is to be established by the auction and not the exhibition rooms, they cannot be produced. In the last twenty years painters have reduced their prices 50 per cent. and more, but they cannot work for nothing. The consequence is that portraiture is absorbing all the best painting talent in the country, and the ideal and subject picture is nearly dead. Landscape painting, it is true, survives, but landscape makes less demand on the time and purse of the artist ; therefore the risk is much less.

It is unfair to talk about the decadence of the present day as though the painters were solely to blame. Where there is demand there will be supply, and in the sixties, seventies, and eighties there was a steady patronage of Art, and the supply of good things produced in those years in England has given England almost the first place in the Art world of the day. Not to mention names of men still living, we had Watts, Burne-Jones, Millais, Rossetti, Leighton, Madox Brown, Walker, Mason, Pinwell, Simeon Solomon, Stanhope, and so many others doing work of an imaginative and poetical

order. Their pictures were wanted. The great merchant princes of the day were proud of their countrymen's work; they understood them. Men like William Graham and Leyland, Benzon, Pender, Hill, and Rae, opened not only their purses but their hearts, and artists were free to exercise their gifts with the assurance of support and the certainty of the sympathy and appreciation of those they worked for. A sad change has occurred during the last two decades; a purely commercial spirit has crept in in the relations between artists and picture-buyers. It first appeared when, at the dispersal of one of the well-known collections of modern pictures, it transpired that some of the pictures had fetched less in the fall of the hammer than the artist had received. Some had fetched a great deal more, but the mischief was done, and the idea entered into the mind of the picture-buyer not to buy works of Art for the embellishment of his home—a home he would leave to his son and his grandson—but to form a collection which, when complete, would be sold at auction and realize more than had been spent upon it. This is exposing an artist to an unfair competition unfelt by the workman in any other industry; he not only has to compete against his rival producers, but against himself. Say that he

paints four pictures in a year, which he puts on the market. It may happen that in that same year four, eight, or twelve of his productions which he had already sold are again offered for sale, and are expected to realize as much, if not more, than was originally paid for them. If they do not, the actual market value of his latest works is depreciated. In no other trade does this obtain. A second-hand table or cupboard may be sold at auction at a tenth of the price it would fetch in the Tottenham Court Road without the current price of the Tottenham Court Road article being affected. Not so a picture from the Melbury Road. If it fetched £1,000 at first, £1,000 it is supposed to realize ever afterwards, even if it comes up for sale once a week. If it does not, the cry gets about—and there are some journalists who make a speciality of this sort of gossip—that So-and-so's prices are going down, and then So-and-so has to look out, or he will soon find himself in "Queer Street." No artist objects to the dealer making 25 per cent., 50 per cent., or any profit he can on the sale of one of his pictures; that is his business, and as his custom benefits the artist, he is only too glad it should prove a profitable one and be continued. It is the disappearance of the patron—the man who liked pictures and was

glad to have them irrespective of their monetary value, and was also glad to encourage the Art of his time—that is so regrettable. I have known several —men who were enthusiasts, and would sooner pay more than less than the artists asked. The late Earl of Dudley was a type of the man I mean. He once gave an entertainment at Dudley House, which he asked my father to arrange for him. Gluck's "Orpheus" was selected, and as my father was told to spare no expense, he asked Mme. Viardot to come to London from Paris to sing the principal part, and engaged other principals, orchestra, and chorus of the best. The performance was a great success. When it was over Lord Dudley thanked my father most warmly, and asked him what he owed him. The sum ran into four figures, and my father was not at all sure how he would like it. But his only comment as he cast his eye over the details was to draw his pen through the total, double it, and write a cheque for the amount. As in music, so in painting; the relations were generous and sympathetic on the one side, grateful and cordial on the other. It is possible that the prosperity enjoyed by artists during those thirty years had regrettable results—it led to an inflation of prices. Artists were no longer content

to live the simple, happy lives the pursuit of their Art afforded; they built palaces and entertained. There is no greater pleasure than the exercise of natural instincts; as a horse loves a gallop or a dog loves the chase, so does a painter love to paint. His working hours are his life and his happiest moments. Why seek to add to them the enjoyments of wealth which other men have to obtain in a less pleasurable manner? If a merchant has spent his day in a dark office, a lawyer in a crowded court, a doctor in visiting distressing cases of illness, he may be pardoned for wanting a bottle of champagne and gay society in the evening; but an artist, every hour of whose day has been passed in pleasurable excitement—an excitement so keen that he is never happy when away from it, ought to be content with that, and leave the pleasures of wealth to those less fortunate in their manner of obtaining it. There is a fable of a dog crossing a stream with a bone in his mouth, and on seeing his reflection in the water, losing his own bone in snatching at the other dog's. We painters are like that dog: we have lost both bones. Dealers could no longer make the profit necessary for the upkeep of their expensive establishments on the sale of modern painters, so they diverted the fashion of

picture-buying into other channels. Pictures, and especially portraits of the latter part of the eighteenth century, were obtainable in country houses at moderate prices, a few judicious and well-advertised sales sent them up in value till prices were realized high enough to tempt men with long purses in England and America to take up Art patronage as a highly successful branch of speculation. But why Art patronage? A man who has just carried off a successful deal in pigs at Chicago does not call himself a pig patron, yet if he lays out £10,000 in pictures upon which he means to realize £100,000, he becomes an Art patron, and expects to be treated as somebody in particular. My position at the Grosvenor and New Galleries for so many years has made this vexed question come before me constantly, and I have tried to see it fairly and look at both sides. I have admitted that artists may have been to blame to a certain extent, but it is not so now. There are men—plenty of them—of imagination and great executive skill who only ask to be allowed to exercise their talent, and have a proper field for their endeavour, and to know, above all things, that their work is wanted. There is nothing more depressing than the sense of spending one's life in producing what

is not wanted. It is at the back of your mind all the time you are painting a picture; however pleasurable the work may be, you feel that when it is done—what then? It will obtain recognition —perhaps only a casual glance—at an exhibition or two, and then be consigned to the lumber-room of your studio. Personally, I suppose that I may consider myself among the fortunate, as I have sold the majority of the pictures I have painted; but I know the feeling well, and can realize how different must have been the sensations in old days when perhaps a chapel, perhaps the wall of a palace, had to have its architectural beauties enhanced by such powers of composition, draughtsmanship, and colour as you might possess. How gladly would painters and sculptors respond to any such appeal made to them now; if English homes were to be made more beautiful by what they could do, how willingly would they work at workmen's wages with the architect, the builder, the joiner, and the gardener in perfect harmony and good-fellowship.

It used to be so, but now I am afraid it is a Utopian dream. If a man rises in the world and wishes to do something to embellish his home, or the hall of the town he may have represented in Parliament, he has his full-length portrait painted.

Far be it from me to say anything against this laudable custom, but an artist with a soul athirst for beauty finds a certain limitation in his powers of expressing it in the delineation of a frock-coat and trousers. Portraits of women offer a better chance, but there again the exigencies of fashion demand that the latest creation of Worth or Paquin shall conceal or distort what would otherwise be such noble studies for the painter's brush or the sculptor's chisel. In spite of these drawbacks, portraiture has become the sole field of endeavour for men of talent and ambition who feel they cannot sacrifice their lives to the production of that for which there is no demand. There will be no great school of English painting under the present conditions. Sir Joshua and Gainsborough had a better chance. They were imbued with the traditions of style; they draped, they did not merely clothe their sitters; they made pictures of their portraits, and when they had to represent the actual dress of the day they had to deal with garments which lent themselves to pictorial treatment and did not become out of fashion, and consequently ridiculous, every six months. What pleasure does the contemplation of our best beloved give us when attired in the crinoline and pork-pie hat of forty years ago?

It being difficult to render beauty under latter-day conditions, beauty is decried. Tricks in tone, juggling with pigment, and what is called suggestion, are esteemed as of greater value. To say clearly what you mean, to render with all the power of which you are capable that which you wish to express, is considered a fault. You must sketch, you must not go farther than a suggestion; if you wish to delineate a hand which could wield a sword or guide a pen, you must hint at what you mean by a streak of paint with a blot at the end of it, and leave it to the spectators at a few yards' distance to fill in what you would willingly have said yourself. This is latter-day Art, and, we are told, the only painting nowadays permissible; any other is called academical and photographic. It opens the door to every sort of eccentricity and self-advertisement; men incapable of drawing and painting feel infinite capacity within themselves for this topsy-turvy practice. They paint a green cow on a red field—I have seen the picture with my own eyes—and elicit wild applause. If nobody buys the picture, they have at any rate gained something—attention and notoriety; and as to be talked about seems to be the principal ambition of the day, more and more men, women, and children rush into the profession.

Meanwhile, those with higher ambitions—those to whom Art still means a great deal—are pushed to one side. It has been my sad experience to see one man after another begin with the highest ideals, and have to drop them, or be dropped himself. If there were any real Art patronage in the country, if rich men, instead of merely speculating in eighteenth-century portraits, would buy pictures with the object of making their own drawing-rooms, or their town or village halls and churches, more beautiful, artists would be forthcoming who would do the work, and do it well. There are men in England, and there have always been such men, deep thinkers, with poetry and a sense of beauty in their souls. They know that in past days men like themselves found in painting and sculpture a channel of expression for what they wished to say. Is it so now? Would any young man beginning his life, and feeling that he had a message to give, be stirred by contemplation of the Art it is the fashion to admire now to take up the pencil rather than the pen? I doubt it, and the Arts, for want of encouragement and appreciation, are losing men of imagination and culture, who turn to literature instead of adopting a career from which thought and beauty are banished.

I may be forgiven if I repeat here an anecdote about Lord Beaconsfield which I have heard quoted more than once, but never correctly. I had it from Browning himself. Browning told me that he was present at a banquet at the Royal Academy, where Beaconsfield, in proposing the health of his hosts, alluded to the pictures on the walls. He said that he knew nothing about painting, but that what struck him on going round the exhibition was the poetry and imagination he saw in so many of the works. He added that this was not surprising in a country like England, which had given birth to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and so many other poets; and having got on to literature, where he was more at home, he finished his speech. After dinner he met Browning in one of the galleries, put his arm through his, and asked him what he thought of the exhibition. Browning replied that he did not care to give his own views, as they might not be in accordance with others which he had just heard expressed. Beaconsfield then asked him if he did not think it a very extraordinary thing that in a country which had produced so many poets there should be such a complete lack of poetry and imagination in the works of the painters they saw around them on every side. Browning, in astonish-

ment, asked him why he had said what he did a few minutes before. "Oh!" replied Beaconsfield, "I was feeling it so strongly I could think of nothing else to talk about, but of course I could not insult the fellows in their own house, so I put it the other way about." Browning met Gladstone the same evening, and told him the story. His only remark was: "I think it is hellish!"

It was one of my duties at the Grosvenor and New Galleries to take distinguished people round the exhibition; sometimes this was pleasant, often not. The most disagreeable experience I ever had was showing pictures to Lord Beaconsfield. He patiently went round the collection, and listened to what I had to say, but the profound contempt he felt for the whole business of painting was unmistakable, and I was glad when I could retire. Quite different was Mr. Gladstone. I took him round our first exhibition at the New Gallery, and he had something to say (and make a pencil note of in his catalogue) about almost every picture. I remember he gave me a scolding for having put passion into my figure of Paolo. I thought that "*la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante*" meant passion, and that young Italians of the thirteenth century must have been very different from the Italians I

have known in the nineteenth if they could do their love-making without passion; anyhow, this was a reading of Dante too subtle for pictorial treatment, but I knew Mr. Gladstone too well to contradict him. I knew the fate of the unwary who did that. My old friend Martin Colnaghi told me that one morning he was calling on the Gladstones, and Mrs. Gladstone showed him a *tazza* her husband had just acquired, which she said was by Pierre Raymond. Colnaghi was one of the best experts of the day on enamels, and he recognized the work at once as being by Penicaud II., and not by Pierre Raymond, adding that one was just as fine an artist as the other. At that moment Gladstone came into the room, and his wife repeated what Colnaghi had just told her. "He says that, does he?" said Gladstone. "I am sorry. I thought he was supposed to know something about these things."

CHAPTER IX

I HAVE not much to add about our summer exhibitions; they succeeded one another with the regularity of clockwork, and were always well supported. Burne-Jones and Watts, Alma-Tadema, Millais and Poynter, sent us notable works without fail, and many younger men won their spurs on our walls. Some of these were drafted into the Academy, and were thereby lost to us; but some, in spite of this translation, never deserted our gallery, and sent us each year of their best. Foremost amongst them I must place John Sargent and J. J. Shannon.

Our series of historical exhibitions came to an end in 1892. If it had been possible to retain all four exhibitions in one building as a permanent collection, what a museum illustrative of English history would have been founded! It might have been, and would have been, of course, largely added to, but the nucleus was there. We have an Indian Museum, we have, indeed, the National Portrait Gallery, but there is no Museum solely devoted to

the British Empire. It would be possible—we did it on a small scale—to show an unbroken series of portraits of the British monarchs from Richard II., with the notable men and women, and pictures of the most noticeable events of each reign grouped round them. To this might be added the arms and armour, the books, the furniture, the letters, the personal relics, belonging to those whose presentments were on the walls. Our collections have been dispersed, but the catalogues remain to show what we did, and probably in the course of time all our exhibits might have been acquired by the nation, if a building worthy of this object had been constructed.

Our catalogues were so admirably compiled that they deserve more than a passing reference. Lindsay was greatly assisted in the actual compilation of the catalogue; the pedigree, the description and measurements of each exhibit, by Herbert Grueber, the keeper of the coins and medals at the British Museum. The coats of arms occurring in so many exhibits were verified and transcribed in heraldic parlance by Everard Green, Rouge Dragon of the College of Arms; whilst the historical notes were supplied by Henry Jenner, assistant-superintendent of the Reading Room at the British Museum.

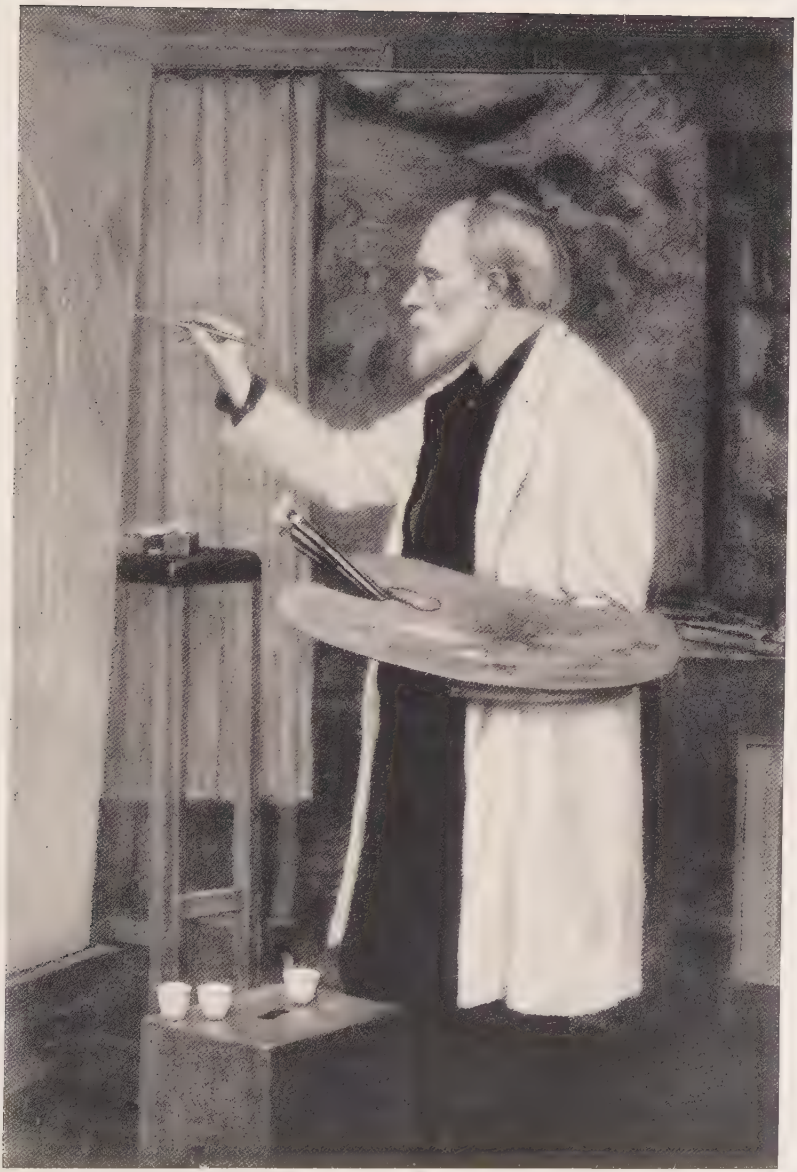
Jenner's notes on Early English Bibles, primers, and works on the theology of the Reformation exhibited at our Tudor Exhibition, are regarded as a textbook on the subject. He had made a special study of these matters, and placed the result of his knowledge in our catalogue, instead of bringing out a work of his own. There is a saying that "One good turn deserves another." My reading of the proverb is that the recipient of one good turn deserves another, or, at all events, gets it if he can. Having enlisted Grueber and other willing workers, we embarked, in the winter of 1893-94, on another series of exhibitions, illustrative of the great centres of Art. Our first, Early Italian Art, embraced Florence, Milan, Siena, and to a certain extent Rome. The exhibition consisted of pictures, bronzes, illuminated manuscripts, drawings, arms, armour, painted casoni, furniture, needlework, and every sort of Art industry; and very beautiful it was. We were generously supported by the owners of these treasures, and tapped one or two almost unknown collections. I shall never forget my pleasurable excitement when Lindsay took me to see the Earl of Ashburnham's gallery, from which he had obtained permission to make a selection of the pictures we wanted. I had heard

of this collection, and of Leighton's vain endeavours for ten years to obtain works from it for the "Old Masters" at Burlington House, but I was not prepared for the wealth of admirable examples of Filippino's, Botticelli's, and Ghirlandaio's Art which struck my astonished gaze. H.M. the Queen, the Dukes of Westminster and Grafton, the Earls of Crawford, Carlisle, and Northbrook, Mrs. R. H. Benson, Messrs. Charles Butler, Captain Holford, Fairfax Murray, Guy Laking, and others, were generous contributors of pictures, drawings, books, and armour. Bronzes and ivory carvings were lent by Mr. Salting, Mr. Pfungst, and Mr. Falcke; jewels by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild; while in our central hall we had a magnificent show of majolica and other ware, admirably arranged by Sir Isidore Spielmann. It was a wonderful collection, and attracted people from all parts of Europe.

This was an exhibition of particular interest to Burne-Jones, so he came and lent us a hand in arranging it—or thought he did. His daylight hours were too precious to be wasted in Regent Street, so he used often to join us at dinner at the Café Royal. Grueber, Lindsay, Burne-Jones—or "Ned," as he loved his friends to call him—Carr and I, would dine together there, smoke and play dominoes

for an hour or two afterwards, and then walk across the street to the gallery and look at the pictures. This was what Burne-Jones called helping, and for which he took to himself infinite credit ; but he was quite right. They were pleasant evenings indeed, and cheered us in our labours. A more delightful, wittier companion and dearer friend never lived than the great artist, and he was at his best when sitting with boon companions over a pipe and a game.

In the winter of 1892-93, between the Victorian Exhibition of 1891-92 and the Early Italian of 1893-94, we interpolated a general exhibition of the works of Edward Burne-Jones. It was the first time that his pictures and drawings had been brought together. The exhibition was a revelation even to those who had always been enthusiastic admirers of his Art. The imagination, the wealth of beauty, of form and colour, the exquisite manipulation on every inch of the many canvases brought together, appealed to artists and to all those who love Art ; but behind the painter one realized, on looking at his works, the great thinker and the great scholar. Burne-Jones was a man of strong feelings, with a deep reverence and love for Belief, and the manifestations which were the outcome of the spiritual need in humanity, whether



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

From a portrait by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, Bart.

To face p. 196.

they took the form of a Gothic cathedral, a picture by Fra Angelico, a canticle by Palestrina, or the splendid services of the Catholic Church. He would have been happy and content in the old simple beliefs, but he was of the age in which he lived. He had a monk's habit, in which he was fond of attiring himself, and in this garment he would try to go back to primitive times; but the science and philosophy of the nineteenth century permeated his cowl, and was apparent in all his work. Michael Angelo's creations were mighty in bodily strength, mighty in intellectual power—they were the conquering race. Burne-Jones's men are the questioning race. They have learnt a great deal; they want to know more; they will not be satisfied until they have ascertained the cause or the law which lies hidden, and escapes all their researches. Bodily strength will not do it. Burne-Jones often spoke of poor little naked primeval man, who hid himself in a cave when he saw an ichthyosaurus or other big beast coming along. Man has improved his condition since then; not by his thews and sinews, but by his intellectual power. But he is not happy yet. In Burne-Jones's "Wheel of Fortune" the slave has his foot on the brow of the King, but both are indifferent, the one to his

triumph, the other to his humiliation, and both alike are craving for they know not what. In his "Lucifer" we have the rebel angel and his host, not trampled underfoot by St. Michael, as Raphael represented them, but departing from heaven in obedience to a law—a law they questioned, but could not put aside. In all Burne-Jones's works, as in all the works of his compeer Watts, we find both men clinging to love as the saving clause in all this vexed question of humanity. Not inter-sexual love—this is only a symbol adopted for artistic rendering—but love in its wider sense, love and charity for all things. This was the thought underlying the "Sleeping Beauty" series. It was not the illustration of a pretty fairy-story; it meant much more than this: it was beauty, of which every true artist is the priest, lying dormant until quickened by the magic power of love. It is, perhaps, presumptuous on my part to attempt an interpretation of an Art on which so much has been written by abler pens than mine, but I wish to make it clear why it was that Carr and I devoted so much of our time and energy to bringing home to people the Art that was going on in their midst. Before the advent of these men we had mid-Victorian pictures of cavaliers, or gentlemen in pink

silk stockings, or little girls standing on the lowest step of a flight of stairs, uttering, according to the catalogue, the soul-inspiring phrase: "All tum and tee me dump!" Now we have got to chaotic smudges, which, when our eyes can fathom their mysteries, are found to be representations of ballet-girls, or the cat's-meat man in a fog. Between these two we had a group of artists not only sincere lovers of beauty and sound workmanship, but imbued with the conviction that Art, however perfect it might be made, was not the end, but the means to an end. Nowadays, any thought in a picture is condemned. We are told that the literary idea is not wanted; the attitude towards us is very much that of the verger in Canterbury Cathedral, who, perceiving a visitor on his knees, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Come, come, sir! We can't have you praying about all over the place!"

That Burne-Jones had many sincere admirers of his Art was proved by the attendance at his exhibition. Nearly 53,000 visitors were recorded by our turnstiles, and I told him that we must do something to signalize his success. "Let us have a party," he said, "and see to it, Charlie, that all the pretty women you either know or don't know come to it; don't leave out one." I entrusted

the carrying out of his wish to a committee of ladies, and very well did they do their work. There remains in my possession an interesting souvenir of their methods; it is a manuscript covering eight pages of foolscap, sent to me by one of the ladies, and containing her notes on the personal appearance of most of her friends. This is an invaluable document, the publication of which would add infinite zest to these prosy memoirs; but discretion has ever been my guiding principle, and I will refrain. The party went off very well. The King came to it; Cardinal Vaughan in his full scarlet robes came to it (it was his first appearance at a social function since his elevation to the Cardinalate); and the Lord Mayor, with whom he had been dining, also came to it, attired in black velvet and chains of office. There was enough beauty in the gallery to satisfy the most exacting, and we gave it a setting of banks of flowers, and enlivened the proceedings with music.

We held another exhibition of Burne-Jones's works in 1899, but then, alas! he was no longer with us, and the world was the poorer by the loss of a great artist, and his many friends by the loss of one whom to have known at all was to have loved as few have ever been loved.

As I have mentioned the visit Cardinal Vaughan paid the New Gallery on the occasion of the reception we gave in honour of Burne-Jones, I should like to record what a deep sense of obligation is felt towards the Cardinal by all artists for the truly magnificent monument which, thanks to his initiative and energy, has risen up in Westminster.

The Westminster Cathedral is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and beautiful architectural achievements of the last hundred years, and although the design and the carrying out of the design were due to the genius of Bentley, it was Cardinal Vaughan who chose Bentley to do the work, and who selected the style of architecture which, as the event has proved, gave Bentley such an admirable field for originality of invention and for the exercise of powers he was hardly aware himself that he possessed. His own wish was in favour of Gothic architecture, of which he had made a special study, but for many and good reasons the Cardinal decided for a basilica, and having made that decision, he gave Bentley every opportunity and all the time he required for study in a direction which was new to him. The result is a masterpiece of Art and a monument of singular impressiveness and beauty, and if it possesses features reminiscent of the

Byzantine style, it is, at the same time, absolutely modern and original.

I followed the progress of the building with much interest, and was taken over it several times by the Cardinal himself, who did me the honour to consult me more than once on the scheme of decoration to be adopted when Bentley's own work was finished. I would dearly have loved to have been allowed to design some of the mosaics for the interior and the chapels myself, and to show the Cardinal what I could do, and that the training I had received from Mottez (who at St. Sulpice and St. Germain L'Auxerrois in Paris had shown himself a master of decorative design) had qualified me for the work. I painted a large altar-piece of a Madonna and Child with attendant angels. I had the picture photographed, and the Cardinal expressed himself so pleased with the design that he talked of having it reproduced in mosaic for the lady chapel of the cathedral. He did not wish to come to a final decision until he had seen the picture itself, and as his heart was at that time in so bad a state that he could not walk up the stairs of my studio, he asked me to send the picture to the New Gallery, which, being on the ground-level, did not necessitate any climbing of stairs. I sent the picture there to our

summer exhibition of 1904, but before the date of our opening the Cardinal had grown rapidly weaker, and he died without seeing my work. He was a man of great kindness, of wonderful energy, and of keen appreciation of Art, whether in architecture, painting, or music. The choir of Westminster Cathedral, for which he selected the leader, Mr. Terry, is a proof of his judgment in that direction also.

I have already mentioned the exhibition of Early Italian Art held in 1893-94. This was followed in the winter of 1894-95 by a Venetian exhibition. It was as fully representative of the arts of Venice as the preceding one had been of the arts of Florence. If one missed the severity of the Tuscan city, one was compensated by the sumptuousness of the gay city of the lagunes. Our picture-galleries were a blaze of colour, and our central hall looked like the *salone* of a Venetian palace. Through my old friend Sir John Donnelly, the Secretary of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, I obtained the loan of a genuine marble well-head, with its ironwork supports for the pulleys and brackets. This was placed over our fountain. Hanging from the balcony we had many yards of embroidery lent to us by Lord Battersea and Mr. Charles Butler. From the

ceiling hung three huge gilt lanterns, lent by the Duke of Norfolk, which had in former days belonged to the Bucentore, and below were men in armour, cases of glass and china, lace, bronzes, arms, mirrors, chandeliers, book-bindings, and the hundred and one objects for which Venetian industry is famous. I was fortunate a few months before we held this exhibition in making the acquaintance of M. Somzée, a Belgian collector, whose house in Brussels was a veritable museum of beautiful things. He lent me several pictures, amongst others a most interesting replica by Paul Veronese of the Marriage of Cana (now at the Academy in Venice), as he evidently intended the composition to be when he designed the picture, but which could not be carried out in the large work owing to lack of height in the space it had to occupy.

One great disappointment I had was in failing to obtain the loan of a famous Bellini in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. I tried hard to get it by applying direct to the Duke; it was no use. I was then told that if I could persuade Mr. Gladstone to back my request we should probably receive a favourable answer. Burne-Jones was at the moment on a visit at Hawarden, so I wrote and asked him to speak to Mr. Gladstone on the

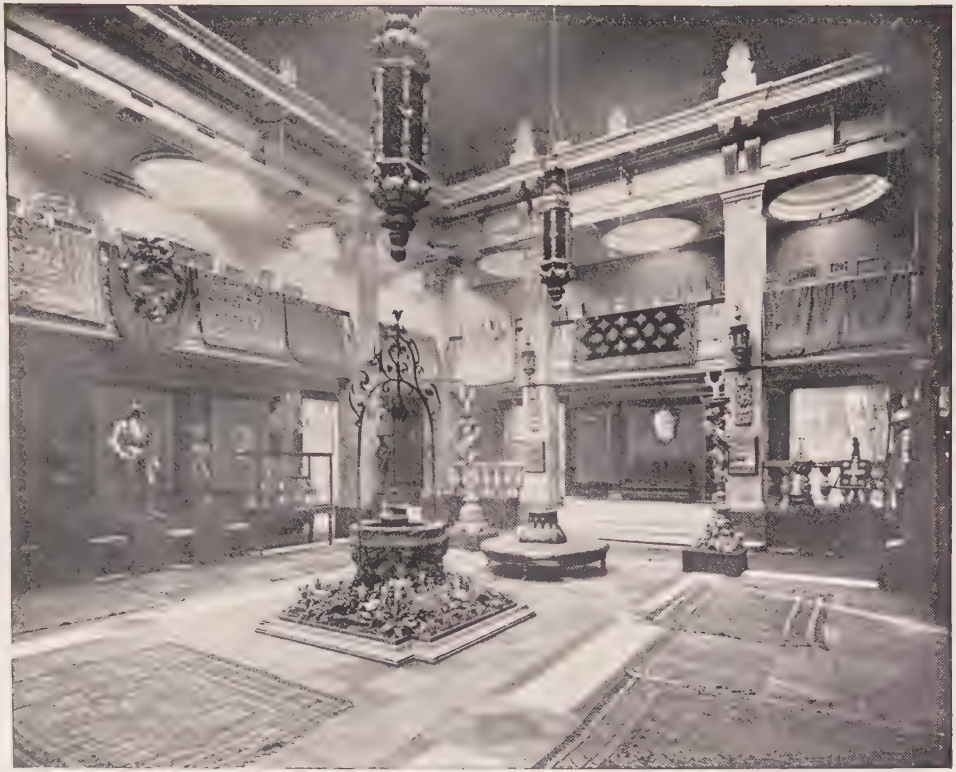


Photo: Henry Dixon and Sons.

THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE NEW GALLERY DURING THE VENETIAN EXHIBITION.

To face p. 204.

subject, and see what came of it. What came of it was that Mr. Gladstone very kindly at once wrote to the Duke of Northumberland to ask him if he could not see his way to meeting our wishes. Shortly afterwards I was with the late Duke of Westminster arranging which pictures should come to our exhibition from Grosvenor House—he was always a most generous lender—when he said to me: "Have you got Northumberland's Bellini?" I told him that I had not, and then recounted with some unction what I had done. "That's unlucky," he said. "Gladstone was his great friend until the Home Rule Bill; now he cannot bear to hear his name mentioned. However, I will see what I can do." But the mischief was done, and we never got the picture.

The New Gallery during this exhibition looked so thoroughly Venetian that it occurred to some of my friends to arrange a *festa* reminiscent of old days. The young people were dressed up in the costumes of the sixteenth century, and danced pavanes, forlanas, and other old-time dances to the accompaniment of lutes, violi d'amore, and other ancient musical instruments, the use of which had been revived by Mr. Dolmetsch. It was a pretty sight, notwithstanding that the illusion was rather

spoilt by the black coats and white shirt-fronts in which nineteenth-century man is compelled to attire himself.

As I have alluded to the assistance afforded to us by Sir John Donnelly in obtaining interesting exhibits for our Venetian exhibition, I must record our deep indebtedness to the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, as well as to the British Museum, for the help given to us at all times by the officials of both institutions. Donnelly, indeed, was one of my oldest and best friends. For many years his invariable practice when he was in London was to come on Sunday mornings and smoke cigarettes for an hour or two in my studio. He was a delightful companion, and had had an interesting and eventful career. Originally in the army, he had served with distinction as a Royal Engineer in the Crimean War, and afterwards, when the Science and Art Department was founded, he, like several other Engineer officers, obtained employment in the Directorate. Donnelly served the Department for forty years—for a great portion of the time as chief secretary; and although my friendship for him, for Thomas Armstrong, John Hungerford Pollen, Middleton, and others, for Generals Festing and Abney, may

have made me somewhat of a partisan, I do not think that anyone can deny that on the whole these men did their work admirably well, and that, judging by the results, the attacks constantly made on the Department were unjustified. I was very sorry indeed that Donnelly's last years on earth, after all his long and loyal service, should have been embittered by the Parliamentary inquiry before which he had to appear as a defendant. He came through the ordeal with flying colours, but none the less it was a dreadful worry to him, and he felt it very much. It was, as far as I could understand it, an altogether needless business. It is impossible for anyone acquainted with Art not to recognize the enormous value and importance of the South Kensington collection—foreigners who come over here rave about it; and if this is the result, how comes it that the system which achieved that result can be so much at fault as it was the fashion a few years ago to maintain? One feature in the system always appeared to me to be replete with sound sense. The Department did not pretend to possess within itself infallibility on all subjects. When the purchase of some important piece was under consideration they obtained the best expert opinion obtainable anywhere on the particular matter before them,

and thus guarded themselves as far as possible from making mistakes. As Donnelly put it to me one day, "It is better to spend fifty pounds in getting a chap over from Paris, Vienna, or St. Petersburg who knows, than pretend to know ourselves and come a cropper." I speak with much deference, having only a very limited knowledge of the working of both institutions, and I believe that the theory at Bloomsbury is not the same, and that their own pronouncements are expected to be received *urbi et orbi* as infallible; but both plans worked well, and I have spent so many pleasant hours and learnt so much both in the British and South Kensington Museums that I can only feel grateful to whoever is responsible for them, and wish that people would thank, and not throw stones at them. It is not everyone who has a fancy for sharing St. Stephen's form of martyrdom. As for me, I have for my modest efforts at the Grosvenor and New Galleries received such constant showers of stones that I have learnt not to mind them, and have come to look upon them as all part of the day's work. I dare say that the frank expression of my views put forward in this little book may bring some remarks about my ears the reverse of complimentary. So be it. I make no pretence

whatever to greater wisdom on any subject than my neighbours, but I maintain the right to look at pictures with my eyes rather than with my ears, and to use the latter organs for music unbiassed by opinions I may have heard or read. If a man frankly admits that he prefers a Manet to a Mantegna and a music-hall ditty to Mozart, I can smoke the calumet of peace with him in all good fellowship, but when he trounces me for not agreeing with him because his is the opinion most widely accepted at the moment, and he considers it the duty of every citizen to bow to the judgment of the majority, whether it coincides with his own convictions or not, I feel inclined to use language about the opinion of the majority through which my publisher would probably run his pen if I were to set it down in black and white. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ* by all means, but let men have the moral courage of sticking to their own opinions and frankly expressing them rather than what is now so much the fashion, waiting to be told what they may like or dislike without being considered outside the radius. I have lived behind the scenes so much, and seen by whom the ropes were pulled so often, that I wish others could occasionally obtain a glimpse of the people by whom they allow their own, very

often much better, judgment to be influenced. I have heard educated men who have visited half the galleries in Europe quote the opinion of young women in their teens who, after a term or two at the Slade schools or some Parisian *atelier*, have picked up a sufficient quantity of the jargon of Art to obtain employment on a newspaper, and I have often wished that they might have met, and that I might have been there to see the encounter.

CHAPTER X

The year 1898 was a sad one in our history, as in June of that year Burne-Jones died. I have spoken so fully of my appreciation of his Art and of himself that I will say no more; indeed, since the admirable life of her husband which Lady Burne-Jones has published, nothing more remains to be said, or can be said, by anyone. It seemed at first a thankless task to continue the work of the New Gallery when the life and soul of our undertaking had vanished, but we owed it to our supporters to go on, and after a time interest revived. Our first exhibition after his death was to again bring together a collection of all his works, which was even fuller and more completely representative than the one held in the winter of 1892-93.

Our summer exhibitions continued as usual, and our next winter exhibition, in 1899-1900, was representative of Early Flemish Art, and for these we had the invaluable assistance of Mr. Weale, who wrote for our catalogue an interesting preface on

the Art of which he had made a special study. Lord Northbrook, M. Somzée, Sir Francis Cook, Mr. Butler, Sir C. J. Robinson, Lord Carlisle, and the Corporations of Liverpool and Glasgow, were again generous contributors to this exhibition, which was not confined exclusively to Early Flemish Art. An exhibition had been held in the summer at Antwerp of the collected works of Van Dyck, so we thought it would be of interest to show in connection with that exhibition, and in association with the Early Art of the Netherlands, a selection of pictures by the great Flemish painter Rubens, and to add to it a few works by Reynolds and Gainsborough, showing the influence Rubens and Van Dyck had upon the English school.

Among our winter exhibitions, that of 1895-96 was representative of Spanish Art. It was under the direct patronage of H.M. the Queen-Regent of Spain, and in the practical organization of the exhibition we were again greatly assisted by Grueber and Spielmann, and by Sir Charles Robinson, Herbert Cook, M. R. de Madrazo, Guy Laking, and several other gentlemen, whilst a committee of ladies, including Mrs. H. Evans Gordon, Miss Una Taylor, Miss Thomas, and my sister Elinor Hallé, selected, arranged, and catalogued the lace,

embroideries, fans, and jewellery. The exhibition was as rich in pictures, drawings, books, arms and armour, cabinets, Hispano-Moresque ware, silver and embroideries, as was the Venetian, and was generously supported by H.M. the Queen, H.M. King François d'Asis, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Clare Ford, Sir Francis Cook, Lady Layard, Sir Charles Robinson, and many others. It was a strange contrast in its blackness and severity to the brilliancy and gaiety of the Venetians, but, curiously enough, it attracted more visitors than did its predecessor. In the winter of 1896-97 we interrupted the series of Old Master exhibitions, and brought together a collection of the works of G. F. Watts, which was fuller and more representative than the one held at the Grosvenor in 1882, and included the results of twenty-five years' additional labour. It is not every man who can bear the ordeal of a collective display of his life's work. Watts was quite an exception to this general rule. The tone of colour he affected for his work was out of tune with most of the pictures in a modern exhibition, but when brought together the sombre and at the same time rich hues of his canvases and the variety of the subjects in which he was master had the result that his pictures helped

one another when combined, and gave a general impression and understanding of his Art unattainable by those who only occasionally came across some of his pictures. Watts, like Burne-Jones, was a thinker and a poet, as well as a painter; to him his Art was only a means of expression of big and noble ideas, and it was always the thought behind the picture that he valued more than the picture itself. He had his reward in the position he obtained, and in the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-men. This was well expressed by Algernon C. Swinburne in the following lines:

"High thought and hallowed love, by faith made one,
Begat and bare the sweet strong-hearted child.
Art, nursed by Nature; earth and sea and sun
Saw Nature then more godlike as she smiled.
Life smiled on death, and death on life: the soul
Between them shone, and soared above their strife,
And left on Time's unclosed and starry scroll
A sign that quickened death to deathless life.
Peace rose like Hope, a patient queen, and bade
Hell's firstborn Faith, abjure her creed and die;
And Love, by life and death made sad and glad,
Gave Conscience ease, and watched Good Will pass by.
All these make music now of one man's name,
Whose life and age are one with love and fame."

Swinburne very kindly wrote me this beautiful sonnet in response to a request I made him that he

should write two or three lines as the heading to an illuminated address we presented to Watts in commemoration of the exhibition of his works. The address was signed by the King and Queen, by statesmen, men of science, soldiers and sailors, poets, musicians, painters and sculptors, lawyers, divines, and most of the famous men and women of the day, and was a tribute of appreciation which Watts dearly prized. We presented it to him at an evening reception at the gallery, to which many of the signers of the address came. Joseph Joachim, who was present, helped Miss G. Liddell and my sister Elinor to arrange a concert. We had a small orchestra, composed entirely of Joachim's pupils, who played admirably, and it was interesting to see two such veteran representatives of the Arts of music and painting as Watts and Joachim seated side by side, each paying a respectful tribute to the other's Art.

Greatly as Watts valued the appreciation of his life's work shown him on that evening, he had received a year or two previously a mark of recognition of his Art, and not only of his Art, but of the purpose of his Art, which touched him even more. What happened was this :

He was at work one day in his studio when

Mrs. Watts came in and told him that a lady, who would not give her name, and who was obviously in some sort of trouble, wished to see him. Watts had a dread of the "interviewer," and at first refused; but finally he saw the lady, and the story she told him was this: She was an American, who by some mischance found herself in London without the money necessary to take her back to her friends, and, not knowing what to do or having a single acquaintance in England to whom she could apply, she had come to him to ask him if he would advance her a sum sufficient to pay her fare to America.

She would not give her reason for applying to him—a total stranger—and the story altogether did not seem very probable, but in the end he did what he was asked to do, and gave her a cheque for £50.

"Signor"—so Watts was always called by his friends—refrained from telling me what were Mrs. Watts's comments when she heard what he had done, and on reflection it occurred to him that possibly he had not acted very wisely; but a few weeks afterwards he received a letter from the lady enclosing a draft for £50, and giving the explanation of her reasons for her application to him which she had refused at the time when she made it.

She said that when she left her hotel in sore distress at the predicament in which she found herself, and was walking past a printseller's shop in the Strand, she saw an engraving of Watts's picture, "Love and Death." She went in and inquired who had painted it, and on learning that it was by Watts, of whom she had never heard, and that not only was he alive, but probably in London at that moment, she resolved to go at once and ask him to assist her.

Her instinct told her that a man who could conceive and paint a picture like "Love and Death" would not refuse to help a woman in trouble, and Signor told me that nothing in all his life had gratified him more than that the impulse which had led her to come to him should not have proved a vain one. It was a response to his teaching and to what he conceived to be the purpose of Art, which justified his conception of an artist's mission more fully than any number of written or spoken words, and if the lesson was not lost upon me, I hope that some of my brother-artists may also take it to heart. Scoffers may say that they have no desire to be regarded as a haven for distressed ladies, and that they prefer to paint pictures which will not expose them to the danger of being called upon to advance

sums of £50 to damsels of American or any other nationality; but the ribald person and his jibe is always with us, and as there is no escaping him, it is better to pass on serenely. Artists of whatever calling are particularly liable to the assaults of the needy, and are very often victimized. My father was once taken in by a very ingenious fraud, and I must tell the story as a warning to others.

One day, some years ago, a girl of exceedingly prepossessing and ladylike appearance called upon him at our house in Mansfield Street. He was out, but my sisters were at home. They received her, and listened to her tale of trouble. She told them that her father, a musician in some way connected with my father's orchestra in Manchester, was lying very ill at Brighton and in dire need of money. She had raised a few pounds to send him, and had been to the post-office to obtain a postal order, but being late on Saturday afternoon, she could not get the order she wanted, so she had come to ask whether my father would give her a cheque in exchange for the eight sovereigns which she produced.

When my father came in he saw this very pretty girl having tea with his daughters, and on hearing her tale and seeing the gold she offered in exchange for a cheque, he never doubted the truth of what she

told him, and gave her what she wanted. Something occurred to him on Sunday to make him suspect that there was a flaw of some kind in her story, so he told my sister to go round to the bank on Monday morning and tell the manager to look out for that cheque.

This my sister did. She saw Mr. Pym, the manager, who said, when he heard the story, that my father was probably needlessly alarming himself, but that he would go to the desk and inquire. He returned in a few minutes with a very long face, and said: "We are too late; the cheque was cashed a few minutes ago for eighty instead of eight pounds." Eight and four are the two numerals most easily altered, as anyone can find out who likes to try, and in this case the "y" added to the eight had been cleverly forged; but being in a different ink, the forgery was evident, so the bank was the loser, and not my father. The case was put into the hands of the police, and our butler, an impressionable young man, went with the detectives to identify the girl, who had been traced to her home in Birmingham. She was sitting with her parents in a quite respectable house when she was arrested, and it seems there was a very painful scene. Whether it was that scene or the girl's good looks

that undid our unfortunate servant I cannot say, but when he was put in the witness-box at the trial his evidence proved of no use to the prosecution, and though a verdict of guilty was eventually brought in, Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who tried the case, said that he was not altogether satisfied that she might not have been merely a tool in the hands of some clever scoundrels who had not been caught, so she was let off with the sentence that she was to come up for judgment if called upon. What my father disliked most was figuring among the seven or eight somewhat elderly and benevolent gentlemen who had likewise fallen victims to the artifices of the clever and attractive young woman.

As my recollections have brought me into the atmosphere of the law courts, I must recount an experience I had in the Divorce Court, where I once spent a week, not as a co-respondent or a witness, but in the jury-box. I knew the Judge —Lord St. Helier, or Sir Francis Jeune as he was then—very well, and he told me afterwards that he would have let me off if I had sent him my card; but I did not know this when my name was called, and once in the box, I had to stay there. Burne-Jones and his son Philip rejoiced greatly at my mishap, and being at large, they spent a good deal

of their time in the body of the court, girding at me and making ribald sketches of me in my jury-box doing duty as a citizen. It was tiresome work, but being there I was determined that mercy should temper justice as far as lay in my power, and I am glad to say that in all the seven cases we tried nobody was found guilty. The last and most important case presented some curious features. It was a suit brought by an English husband against a Spanish wife, and most of the evidence against the lady for her alleged misconduct was taken on commission, as her offence was supposed to have occurred abroad. I had lived too much abroad myself not to regard this sort of evidence with a certain amount of suspicion, and although the summing up of the Judge went dead against the lady, I brought the majority of the jury round to my way of thinking when we retired to consult on our verdict. Four of the jurymen, however, were obdurate, and after a time we returned into court and said that we could not agree. Jeune told us that the case had been tried before with a similar result, and that this time he would have a verdict, and that we should be locked up until we did agree. We used our best endeavours with the recalcitrant jurymen, but it was of no use. They said that

they were husbands and fathers of families themselves, that they believed the woman was guilty, that the Judge had told us so, and that if they were locked up for a month they would not change their minds or consent to agree with the rest of us. The prospect before us was not pleasant, and we began to show temper and sulk, when one of the jurymen had a brilliant inspiration. He sent for the usher, and said: "Usher, if we don't bring in a verdict, do we get our fees all the same?" He replied: "No, gentlemen; no verdict, no fees." The fees we were entitled to, as we were a special jury and had tried seven cases, were seven guineas apiece, and, extraordinary to relate, five minutes after the usher had made his pronouncement we returned into court with a unanimous verdict of acquittal. The lady embraced her solicitor, Sir George Lewis, and we returned to our homes with our seven guineas apiece jingling in our pockets. The next evening I happened to be dining with Sir John Fletcher Moulton—now Lord Justice of Appeal—and as Jeune was there, I told him that I had been serving in his court as a juryman the day before. We mentioned the case of the Spanish lady, and he said he was very pleased with the verdict the jury had brought in. I asked him why, in that

case, he had summed up as he did, and he said he had no doubt in his mind as to her guilt, but that she had not been guilty under the circumstances put forward by the prosecution, and that it was very discerning of the jury to find that out. I then told him about the usher. He remarked: "Good usher!" "Do you mean to say," I said, "that it wasn't true?" "Of course not," he replied. "You would have had your fees, but I suppose that the usher wanted to go home to his tea."

To return to things artistic.

The winter exhibition of 1897-98 was interesting for a collection we brought together of D.G. Rossetti's pictures, especially his smaller works. The selection was made by Burne-Jones, who set enormous store by his friend's pictures, and helped us to obtain them, not only by telling us where they were, but in other ways. I had a touching proof of his devotion to Rossetti. The owner of some half-dozen small pictures, which we were particularly anxious to secure, only consented to send them, after repeated refusals, on the condition that Burne-Jones would fill the places they occupied on his walls by six pictures of his own during the term of the exhibition. This Burne-Jones promised to do, and he devoted nearly a month's time to prepar-

ing and finishing the pictures with which to redeem his promise. At this exhibition, as the Rossetti's were so small they would not fill the whole gallery, we included some ancient and modern works by artists of the British and Continental schools.

England shortly afterwards found herself in the throes of the Boer War, and people's attention was diverted from matters of Art to the events which were occurring in South Africa. It was unfortunate for W. B. Richmond that the winter of 1900-01 was selected for an exhibition of his pictures and sculpture, as nobody was in the humour for such things. When war is in the air Art takes a back seat; the two are antagonistic. What the artist produces the soldier destroys. It has always been so, and what is particularly unfortunate for artists is that modern warfare is altogether such an ugly business that it does not lend itself to pictorial treatment. Anyhow, Richmond did not receive the attention his admirable work merited, and which it would have obtained at a happier time. The death of H.M. Queen Victoria also occurred at this time, and added to the general sorrow and perturbation of the country. With the accession of H.M. King Edward, and peace which shortly followed it, things in the Art world improved.

We signalized the new reign at our gallery in the winter of 1901-02 by an exhibition of the portraits of all the monarchs of England from Richard II., the first King of whom an undoubted portrait was obtainable, to the present day. We also had presentments of their consorts, personal relics, State papers, coins and medals, seals, autograph letters, etc. All the men who had helped us at our previous historical exhibitions again came forward, and gave us such willing and valuable aid that the exhibition was very complete. The Society of Antiquaries lent us some early portraits which had not been previously shown at a public exhibition, and Lord Pembroke his famous diptych from Wilton, in which occurs the portrait of Richard II. Great controversy went on over the authorship of this beautiful work, but the opinion which finally found acceptance was that it was the work of a Burgundian painter of the fourteenth century.

The exhibition was well attended, and was visited more than once by Their Majesties the King and the Queen, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by most of the members of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales told us a curious thing which we had never heard before about the execution of

Charles I. It is believed at Windsor that Charles I. lay on his back when the executioner dealt his stroke. The reason for this surmise is that a portion of his chin was cut off, which could not have happened had the stroke been delivered on the back of his neck. When the coffin was opened in the reign of George III., this piece of bone fell off, and was preserved as a relic, but on the instance of Dean Stanley the coffin was re-opened by permission of Queen Victoria, and the piece of chin replaced.

When Her Majesty Queen Alexandra visited the exhibition, she asked me to show her the chin of Charles I., evidently forgetting or ignoring what had happened, and as I did not then know the story, I could only reply that I had not got it. H.R.H. Princess Christian, who was standing by, afterwards told me what had happened, adding that Dean Stanley went by the name of "the body-snatcher" for the advice he had given. Historians deny the fact that King Charles could have been lying on his back, but there is no contemporary record or print of what position he took, and it is difficult to account for the cut on his chin on any other theory.

This exhibition of the Monarchs of England was the last winter exhibition at the New Gallery

held under our own control. It was let in the winter of 1902-03 to the Arts and Crafts Society, who had already held six exhibitions at the gallery in the autumn months of 1888, 1889, 1890, 1893, 1896, and 1899; and in 1904 we let the gallery for the winter months for a term of six years to the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers. The Society of Portrait-Painters and the Royal Photographic Society have also for some years past held their annual exhibitions at the New Gallery during the autumn months.

As my work at the New Gallery became less arduous with the cessation of our own winter exhibitions, I was able to indulge in rather longer summer holidays, and my favourite place of resort was Venice, and the country which in old days used to form part of the Venetian territory. It is no part of my plan to write a guide-book, but I cannot help mentioning a lovely and little-visited village situated among the Dolomite Hills called Pieve di Cadore.

It was the birthplace of Titian, and here the great painter used to spend his time when the summer heat of Venice drove him to the hills. He bought a good deal of land in the neighbourhood, and added considerably to his income by cutting

down his timber and floating the logs on the rapid waters of the Piave till they reached a place where he could find a market for them. The custom still obtains, and in many other ways the little village has undergone few changes since the sixteenth century. The old castle, alas! has disappeared, and has been replaced by a modern fortress, but Titian's house, with the fountain in the piazza in front of it, and close by the church for which he painted his first picture, exist still as they did in his day; and of course the grand hills from which he took the motives of so many of the backgrounds of his pictures with their magical effects of colour are to be seen now as Titian saw them. I do not think that I know of a more beautiful place anywhere, and I have spent many weeks there with one of my sisters at a little inn called the Progresso, for the good reason that it never progresses, and is still in many of its ways as primitive as in old days. However, it was clean and comfortable, and the food plentiful and good, and in fine weather I used to be out from four o'clock in the morning until bedtime, mostly painting, so the luxuries of a modern hotel would have been wasted upon me even had they existed, which they certainly did not at the dear old Progresso. Those who have not tried the

habits of rising and going to bed with the sun have little idea how the pleasure of life is enhanced by the practice. G. F. Watts always did it; it was his invariable habit to get up about 4 a.m., and if the sun was not up too he would wait patiently till the luminary followed his example, and the two of them could begin their day's work. When the sun set he would go to bed also, and I believe that the reception given at the New Gallery in his honour was one of the very few occasions when he spent a few hours in artificial light.

I have for several weeks at a time, whether in Italy or when staying with an old artist-friend of mine in France, followed the same custom, and it is very pleasant, and seems the only natural life for a painter, though the conditions of existence in London make it almost impossible for anyone but a recluse.

CHAPTER XI

I HAVE endeavoured in the preceding chapters to give some account of the work done at the Grosvenor and New Galleries by myself and my colleagues, Comyns-Carr and Lindsay. With the exhibitions held there by societies who rented the gallery from us I have no personal concern, but I could not fail to take much interest in some of them, especially in the Arts and Crafts exhibitions. These exhibitions were started on the initiative of William Morris, and have been of the greatest utility in many ways. Above all, they raised the status of the craftsman, as it soon came to be recognized that men were just as truly artists when they fashioned a piece of iron, or made a jewel, or designed a book-cover, as when they painted pictures or carved statues. This opened new fields of endeavour to many men and women of talent, and much beautiful work has been the result. I am glad to think that the New Gallery was the first home of these workers in what used to

be called the minor arts, but are so designated no longer, and I sincerely hope that in all future exhibitions the craftsmen will stand on perfect equality with the sculptors and the painters.

With the exhibitions of the International Society I am not in sympathy. It is no part of my mission in life to pose as a critic. Much of the work done by this Society may have all the cleverness attributed to it; I can only say that it is lost upon me. I frankly do not like it, but at the same time I must recognize that the Society is giving expression to a very considerable Art movement going on at this moment, especially on the Continent, and though I could wish that some other field had been chosen for its representation, I did not feel justified in allowing my personal feeling to close the New Gallery to the exhibitions which have been held there during the last six winters. The public, at all events, has had the opportunity of fully considering this phase of Art called "Modernism," and cannot say that, wedded as the directorate of the gallery may be to old standards, they refused to give the new schools a hearing. In spite also of much that was repugnant to my own taste, the exhibitions were leavened by occasional canvases of exceptional merit, and the sculpture

was almost invariably excellent and admirably displayed.

I feel that the battle between so-called "Modernism" and the older, and to my thinking the more beautiful and reasonable, schools of Art, has still to be fought to a finish. I am no lover of the commonplace and the purely conventional, but with so many noble examples of achievement before our eyes in the British Museum and the National Galleries in Trafalgar Square and at Millbank, it is impossible to accept the theory that real art has only come into being with the advent of Impressionism, nor that the thing done is of less moment than the manner of doing. We have seen the Greek striving after the ideal, the ideal, as I think they understood it, not being the non-existent, but the selection of the best; we have seen the Italians and the Early Flemish of the Renaissance follow on the same lines, and add to the beauty of outward form the indwelling soul or spirit of man; we have seen the Venetians record on canvas the glory and sumptuousness of their city; we have seen the Dutch bestow perfect workmanship on the portraits of their fellow-citizens, and on the rendering of the land they lived in, and on the domestic incidents of their lives; but we have never before

had works void of all semblance to anything on earth, sea, or sky presented to our admiration solely for the manner in which they were painted.

Giovanni Costa, the famous landscape-painter, once told me that the only thing he hated about painting was having to use paint; other great artists have told me very much the same thing. Their endeavour was to obtain a result and conceal the means of doing; nowadays, that the means of doing shall be obvious and in accordance with the latest canons seems to be of much more importance than the thing done. Having lived all my life with painters, and heard paint daily cursed as an intractable servant, that cracked and would not dry, blackened, and was in every way objectionable, it seems passing strange that the pigment should be held in this extraordinary veneration. I feel like the old French Marquise who had many Masses said for the soul of her coachman, and when she herself died and went to heaven she requested that "Joseph" might be sent to attend upon her. On inquiry she found that she had overdone the Masses, and that Joseph, being a cherubim, could only be addressed by petition. Must we in future not only pay our colourman's bills, but keep shrines for the pigments he sends us, and turn a slave into a god?

It would seem so. I refrain from reading Art criticism, but it is impossible to close one's ears to what is being said all round one. The eternal refrain nowadays is, "How clever!" the cleverness, as I understand it, being the dexterity with which the pigments are made to adhere to the canvas, all else—beauty, thought, high finish—being held of no account. We have even schools which take their names from the manner of using the brush. We have "Tachists," "Vibrists," and Heaven knows how many more. I am only an artist myself, not a collector of pictures, but I can quite sympathize with the British householder, who, if not rich enough to purchase fine original works of Art, prefers to surround himself with reproductions of beautiful things, sooner than the latest essays in pigment by "Vibrists" or "Tachists" or even of ballet-girls rendered in the very latest tonality.

Exhibitions are to blame for much of all this. An artist, especially a young one, finds that a sane, well-painted picture escapes attention in a crowd of several hundred canvases; he therefore perpetrates some pictorial outrage which will arrest the passer-by. The passer-by passes by with a shrug of his shoulders, if he is an individual of sense with no personal ambition to pose as a connoisseur, but the

man with that ambition — and there are many of them — sees his chance and takes it. It is supposed to give you a position in the estimation of your fellow-men if you can see farther into a brick wall than they can. The method of procedure is very simple, and demands no special knowledge. I have seen it practised hundred of times, and can give the recipe. You begin by sniffing at most of the accepted masterpieces; you say that Raphael is "too obvious," that Mozart is "too tuney," that you "have your doubts" about Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In literature, Shakespeare is somewhat "dull"; Dickens "middle-class and vulgar." Having placed yourself on this pedestal, you must jump off it, and prostrate yourself before a canvas, or a bit of plaster, or a book or poem or tune which to most of us seems to have come straight out of Bedlam, and then, if the trick succeeds, your reputation is made. You obtain, if you require it, a lucrative appointment on a newspaper; or if you are a person of means you receive the flattery at private views and dinner-tables of having your opinion asked on all questions of taste, and of being considered as a somebody of much importance. Our Gallic neighbours, with their usual cleverness, are adepts at this game. It began

in the studios as an amusement called to *épater le bourgeois*, which, translated, means to astonish, and at the same time—to use a vulgar expression—"pull the leg" of your fellow-citizen. It was a simple and childlike joy to go with a brother-artist to the salon on a Sunday, stand in front of your canvas, and see the grocer from round the corner with his worthy wife and family stand in amazement and ejaculate "Ah!" before a pictorial farce you had perpetrated for his delectation. I had a practical insight into these methods a few years ago, when I went to Paris to paint a portrait of Stephen Heller, the celebrated composer. I then made the acquaintance of a cousin of mine, a man of great talent, and recognized as one of the leaders of the new school, but who confined himself almost entirely to pictures of jockeys and ballet-girls, which, consequently, did not appeal to my antiquated taste. He took me to his studio, and showed me a picture he had just completed. It represented on this occasion a life-size figure of what, from the over-development of the muscles of her limbs, I supposed to be a ballet-girl, but without the usual "tutu," or any clothes at all. I told him that I thought it was quite horrible, and asked him why he had done it. His answer has remained in my memory word for word. He said:

"*J'ai fait ça pour embêter Whistler. Whistler est venu me voir. Je lui ai dit: 'Whistler, vous êtes un homme de talent—vous êtes un charlatan—je vous respecte—mais vous n'osez pas faire ça à Londres.'*" He added that Whistler retired discomfited, but that was not the only reward my worthy cousin received. Others were found more gullible than Whistler and myself; the simple *bourgeois*, whom to *épater* was joy enough, has been succeeded by the writer on Art and the would-be connoisseur, men who are either easily gulled or who are working for some end of their own, the purpose of which I cannot understand, but which is doing infinite mischief. I hope that in anything I may have said I may not have given the impression that I am in any way blind to the merits of the French schools of painting and sculpture; on the contrary, I have unbounded admiration for them, and few things have impressed me more than the collective display of French Art made at the exhibition in Paris of 1892. The Primitives in both lines were as beautiful as the Early Italian or the Early Flemish. What could exceed in beauty the French illuminated manuscripts, or the works of Fouquet, and in portraiture Clouet, or in sculpture Cousin and Jean Goujon? Later we had Poussin and Claude Lorraine, digni-

fied and noble in intention and execution. Later, again, we had the fascinating school of Watteau, Lancret, and Pater, an Art absolutely original. I will not give a catalogue of big names, but, to come to our own times, what a galaxy of superb artists France has seen!—Ingres, Flandrin, Delacroix, Decamps, Gustave Moreau, Puvis de Chavannes, nearly the whole Barbizon school, Gerome, Meissonier, Regnault, Bastien Lepage, and many others.

In architecture the French have held the first place since the thirteenth century, and in sculpture, engraving, pottery, jewellery, and so many other branches of Art, France has produced men second to no country in the world. It is impossible to ignore all this, or to accept, as we are asked to do, the latter-day developments of Impressionism, and other rubbish of the sort, as a true representation of French Art. France is much too great for that, and indignation is keenly felt amongst her real artists that works they will not acknowledge as being works of Art at all are accepted as representative of their country. In any case French Art should be French, and English Art English. As Millais once said to a young painter I knew: "Why go and study Art in Paris, and then come back and paint English pictures with a bad French accent?"

Why, indeed? Why should sturdy English and Scotch legs caper to the airs of the latest French fiddling? They cannot do it, but they can march to other tunes, and march well, and if only each man would walk in the path he feels to be the right one, and keep to it, unmindful of echoes from second-class Parisian studios and the preaching of ignorant advisers, who have not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, any clear idea of what they themselves mean by the doctrines in drawing or painting which they propound, England will hold a foremost place in the Art world. If English artists are true to themselves, and their fellow-countrymen are true to them, and give them the support without which no Art or industry can exist, English Art will keep the place which it is acknowledged all over the world to have obtained.

As far as the New Gallery is concerned, I have now given up the helm into other hands. It was always my ambition, sooner or later, to found a society of artists having their home in a building so admirably adapted for exhibition purposes as this gallery, designed by my old friend Robson. I should have been very sorry when I had to retire if the New Gallery had been diverted to other purposes. My lifelong associate, Comyns-Carr, is too

much interested in other pursuits to give the time and attention to Art matters so requisite for the conduct of an institution like ours, and Lindsay, admirably as he does the work which is in his department, has not the training and knowledge in Art matters to enable him to carry on the work of the New Gallery single-handed. We are not yet a society in name, but the summer exhibitions will for the next five years be conducted by the artist exhibitors themselves, and if they work in harmony, and the experiment succeeds, I have little doubt that a properly constituted society will be the outcome of the scheme inaugurated this year.

I am not responsible for the names on our list of exhibitors. The selection was made, not by ourselves, but by committees of painters, sculptors, and craftsmen, so I may without impropriety say that I think it is a very strong one, and includes artists of great talent in all departments of Art. I sincerely hope that it may prosper, and that the interest of our summer exhibitions will be enhanced under the new régime.

The autumn and winter months still remain, either for the use of societies like the Portrait-Painters or the Royal Photographic, or for purposes of our own. I should much like to resume

our historical exhibitions, either strictly historical, or representative of the Art work of different nations. Foremost amongst these would be an exhibition of the Arts of France. It was in contemplation, and was even announced for the winter of 1893-94, but had for the time to be abandoned. It is with reluctance that I touch on any question of finance, but these representative collections are dreadfully costly, and it is difficult to meet the expenses they entail by gate-money. A shilling is a very good coin in itself, but it is woefully inadequate, and it requires so many of them to make up a sum which is of much use for practical purposes. For instance, we require 15,000 visitors annually merely to provide the sum which the County Council, in its desire to encourage Art, exacts from us for rates and taxes.

I give this one example as an instance of the difficulty on a shilling rate of admission of making up a sum each year requisite for the maintenance of an expensive establishment like ours, and to show how impossible it is to run the risk of incurring the heavy expenses entailed in organizing retrospective exhibitions without the guarantee of financial support. There are endless subjects to deal with, and there are few pursuits more interesting

than the representation either of a period in history or of a school of Art. If a few men of means and leisure would form themselves into a society for the furtherance of some such scheme, they would reap an ample reward in the interesting collections they would bring together, and in the discovery of hidden treasures, of which this country is full.

But my purpose is to give the history of the New Gallery, not to deal with the future. I will now bring my short account of what we have done to a conclusion. To me it has been work of supreme interest, and I hope I may think that the series of exhibitions, in the organization and arrangement of which I have had so large a share during the last thirty-three years, both at the Grosvenor and New Galleries, have been of utility to my brother-artists, and of interest to the public. It is with much satisfaction, and a sense of gratitude, that I look back upon the relations I have had with the many men and women with whom I have come in contact over my work, and who have given me their support. The owners of pictures and other works of Art, from His Majesty the King downwards, have been most generous in the manner in which they have placed their priceless collections at our disposal. From my brother-artists I have never received

anything but courtesy and the most kindly consideration. Help in no unstinted measure has been given to us by our learned friends at the British and South Kensington Museums and the Society of Antiquaries; and lastly, thanks, and most grateful thanks, must be tendered to those without whose financial assistance our work would have been impossible. The New Gallery may be considered in a way a speculative undertaking, but I do not think that those who put their money into it had any illusions on the subject. If they had, those illusions must have been dispelled after the first few years, but not a single word of complaint has ever reached me on the paucity of dividend received by our shareholders. It would be invidious, where so many have helped, to mention names; but I cannot refrain from again referring to Mr. Heywood, whose help has been so substantial and so continuous. Mr. Charles Butler and Mr. Arthur Lucas are two other friends whose advice and assistance have never failed us. For all who have helped the New Gallery, whether as contributors to our many exhibitions, or as subscribers to our share capital and loans, I have feelings of the deepest gratitude; for those who have pursued us with unremitting hostility from the very first, and

who have done their best to hamper us in our endeavours, my feelings are not the same. I may possibly have made this somewhat apparent, but as they have never shown the slightest reticence in expressing what they thought about us, it will no doubt be of interest to them, should these observations of mine come before them, to learn what my friends and I think about them. I would that it could be otherwise, and that this distinct cleavage between the advocates of the new schools and the old did not exist. The pass to which it has come was forcibly brought home to me a few years ago. The late Earl of Northbrook was one of the most sincere and genuine lovers of Art I have ever met. I was with him one day, going round his collection, and talking about pictures, when he asked me which of all the pictures I had ever seen I thought the most beautiful. I answered without hesitation that I thought it was Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." We shook hands over it, and I noticed tears running down his cheeks at the mere recollection of the pleasure he had experienced in Dresden. A few days afterwards I happened to mention Raphael's name to one of the advanced "Modernists," and was told not to talk about Raphael, as Raphael was not a painter at all.

This is what we have come to, and which is lost sight of by many who desire to be in the spirit of the time—"in the swim," as it is called. I have often heard Joachim, Piatti, and my father lament over a similar spirit which is stalking over the world of music. No doubt all this will pass away, and ultimate good may come of it, but the good is not at present apparent.

The history of the two pictures-galleries may seem a strange subject to have selected for a book, even for a book of such modest dimensions as the one I have written, as they are hardly the field for much excitement or romantic adventure; but my experience has been a rather unique one, and I have come across so many interesting people, and had so many subjects connected with Art brought forcibly home to me, that perhaps my records may be of some interest to the Art-loving public, and I hope that they will be read in a tolerant spirit, if they are read at all.

APPENDIX

It may be of interest to collectors and artists to have a chronological table of the winter exhibitions held at the Grosvenor Gallery during the term of years—from 1877 to 1888—when Sir Coutts Lindsay was assisted in the management by J. Comyns-Carr and myself.

I do not give the summer exhibitions, as they invariably consisted of works by living artists, or, rather, to be more precise, by artists who were then alive—many, I grieve to say, are with us no longer.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

1877-1878. Drawings by the Old Masters and water-colour paintings by deceased artists of the British School.

1878-1879. Drawings by the Old Masters and by J. D. Ingres, and water-colour paintings by artists of the British School.

1879-1880. Drawings and designs by living artists, and water-colour paintings.

1880-1881. Designs and water-colour paintings.

1881-1882. Exhibition of the works of G. F. Watts, O.M.R.A.

1882-1883. Exhibition of the works of Sir L. Alma-Tadema, O.M.R.A., of Cecil Lawson, and of Amendola.
1883-1884. Exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.
1884-1885. Exhibition of the works of Thomas Gainsborough, R.A., and of Richard Doyle.
1885-1886. Exhibition of the works of Sir John E. Millais, Bart., P.R.A.
1886-1887. Exhibition of the works of Sir Anthony Van Dyck.

AUTUMN EXHIBITION

1887. Works by Verestchagin.

The summer exhibitions of the New Gallery were conducted on the lines of the summer exhibitions of the Grosvenor, so I give a list of the winter exhibitions only. During the autumn months the gallery was generally occupied by the Arts and Crafts Society, the Royal Photographic Society, or the Society of Portrait-Painters.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE NEW GALLERY

1888-1889. Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart.
1889-1890. Exhibition of the Royal House of Tudor.
1890-1891. Exhibition of the Royal House of Guelph.
1891-1892. Victorian Exhibition, illustrating fifty years of Her Majesty's reign.
1892-1893. Exhibition of the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

1893-1894. Exhibition of Early Italian Art.
1894-1895. Exhibition of Venetian Art.
1895-1896. Exhibition of Spanish Art.
1896-1897. Exhibition of the works of G. F. Watts, O.M.R.A.
1897-1898. Exhibition of the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and of pictures of the Dutch and British Schools.
1898-1899. Exhibition of the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.
1899-1900. Exhibition of Early Flemish Art, and of works by Sir Peter Paul Rubens and by English Masters of the eighteenth century.
1900-1901. Exhibition of the works of Sir William Blake Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.
1901-1902. Monarchs of Great Britain—exhibition of portraits of the Kings and Queens of Great Britain from Richard II. to Edward VII.
1902-1903. Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.
1903-1904 to 1908-1909. The International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers.

The total attendance of visitors recorded by the turnstiles at the different summer, autumn, and winter exhibitions since the opening in May, 1888, to Christmas, 1908, amounted to 2,792,668. The best attendance was to the Tudor Exhibition, when we had 81,985 visitors, though the Stuart proved nearly as popular, the number of visitors to that exhibition being 81,615.

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